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DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

The British Prime Minister

3791

PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS

BY

CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

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TO

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

INTRODUCTION

IN this book the reader will meet fifteen Prime Ministers and four Presidents of Europe, four British Dominion Premiers, and eleven distinguished statesmen and diplomats of Japan, and he will enter the Chanceries and Foreign Offices in many Capitals.

The treaty of Versailles has been greatly criticised, but regardless of that document's merits, its existence has certainly benefited Europe for one reason, often overlooked—its preparation brought together in Paris all the leading statesmen of the Allies, which meant the forming of many new acquaintanceships among them, and some friendships. Never in the lifetime of living men, perhaps never at all, have there come into personal contact so many of the dignitaries controlling the destinies of so many European countries. These acquaintanceships cannot fail to facilitate relations between these men for the rest of their political lives,—and certain of them bid fair to be politically long lived!

Fortunate indeed were those Americans who were privileged during that conference to meet these foreign leaders. But those ministers so assembled in Paris, far from home environment, their sense of authority cramped by the crowding of many others likewise in authority, were not,—could not be the personalities they are when in their own capitals they are conducting the government of their own countries. The time to see a machine is when it is installed and performing the service for which it was manufactured, not when it is on view in a World's Fair—not when it has its "company manners" on, and it is occupying an exhibition space limited by the need for many similar spaces at the same fair. There is no manner of doubt that a Prime Minister or Minister for Foreign Affairs observed at some meeting in Paris, or in one of its numerous hotels crowded with other foreign guests, is a very different personality from the same man seated in his own Ministry with the emblems and atmosphere of dignity and power all about him.

If we are disposed to study these men from an angle fair to them and instructive to us, let us by all means do so in their own capitals, among their own people, so as at the same time to envisage the

leaders and their backgrounds, the representatives and the represented. Thus best will they incarnate dominant public opinion, and best teach us those lessons which every European people of today has to offer. Make no mistake, there is none of them so lacking in progressive citizenship as to have no lesson for us, while some are already far advanced along paths we have only begun to tread. Take for example farming co-operation in Denmark, or Government insurance in Czecho-Slovakia, or combination for foreign trade in Germany —we are far in the rear.

Now that we have decided to visit these leaders where they can be seen in action, let us first clear away some possible misapprehensions as to their functions. In the first place the duties of European Ministers for Foreign Affairs are all pretty much alike and so also is the relative importance of that post in their respective Governments. Theirs is an older business than that of Prime Ministers, for they existed long before such new fangled notions as constitutional monarchies and republics introduced the need for such a Minister, at least in the modern sense. In a few countries (France, Austria, Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia, and Bulgaria)

the same individual discharges the duties of both offices. In Bulgaria he furthermore serves as Minister of War. Generally speaking wherever we go we shall find the Minister for Foreign Affairs a man more nearly resembling in type the same functionaries in other lands than will be true of Prime Ministers.

Of course the heads of the Foreign Offices will vary greatly in local importance, because of their personalities. The office is always a great one, if only the encumbent measures up to it. In this connection it is well to recall a tale concerning the presiding genius of the Foreign Office set up in Paris by the Commune. He was a pompous soul and called himself the Minister of External Relations. A contemporary wag remarked that although he had no relations with anybody because Paris was so shut in, he nevertheless made up in externals for what he lacked in relations. At the risk of contradicting the London *Times* which, in a bitter editorial accused Lord Curzon, head of the British Foreign Office, of being pompous, we will stoutly maintain that no such man is nowadays to be found conducting the Foreign Affairs of any foreign government. The changed conditions result-

ing from the war have created a demand for the highest available type of statesman for this increasingly important office, and in more than one country, notably in Roumania, the Minister for Foreign Affairs is more influential than the presiding member of the Cabinet.

In less than half the European countries the Prime Minister, variously called Chancellor (in Germany and in Austria) Minister of State (in Sweden) or Premier, has no other departmental portfolio. This is true in the three countries named, in Greece, Hungary, Spain, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and Poland. It is also true in Japan.

Generally the Prime Minister is permitted to select which one of the departments he prefers to head. We will do well to notice which portfolio he holds, for the one selected is significant as indicating the relative importance there enjoyed by that particular ministry. We have seen that France, Austria, Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia, and Bulgaria put their foreign affairs in the front rank. England domiciles at 10 Downing Street (the Prime Minister's official residence) the First Lord of her Treasury, while his prototype, elsewhere called Minister of Finance, also heads the Cabinet in Den-

mark. In Belgium it is the Minister of the Interior that is the chief Minister, and home affairs is given the same distinction in Italy, Portugal, and Holland. In the last named there is an interesting variation from Cabinet customs elsewhere, for there no one is chosen as permanent head of the Cabinet. The theory is that each Minister in turn shall preside at Cabinet Meetings, but in practice each waives his right in favour of him who is selected to bear the official designation of Acting President. In Norway it is the Minister of Justice who is at the same time Prime Minister.

Most Americans know that a Prime Minister is a man chosen because he can control a working majority in his Parliament. He is generally asked to undertake that duty by the King or the President, as the case may be; but if on attempting to fill his Cabinet with men supposedly able to bring sufficient political support to ensure his majority, that result seems doubtful, then the designee of the honour informs the chief executive that he cannot go on. On rare occasions in such a doubtful case they decide to undertake the responsibility of governing, but a vote of confidence must promptly be had, and if it be not forthcoming, out goes the would-be Prime

Minister without delay. But, you will say, does not there sometimes come a crisis when no one party or man can control enough votes in Parliament to make a majority possible? Certainly, and during 1920 and 1921, because of just such a state of affairs in both Sweden and Czecho-Slovakia, there functioned a Prime Minister who frankly admitted he did not control his parliament. But both of them, Von Sydow the Swede, and Černy the Czecho-Slovak, were men of demonstrated ability as administrators, and as such and for no political reason had they been selected by party compromise because, for the time being, no one party or group of elements could produce a sufficient parliamentary majority to undertake the responsibility of party government. So even then was the balance between the parties in both those countries that any one attempting to govern on party lines would promptly have met an adverse vote. Therefore they wisely went outside party lines and installed as temporary chief one who had showed ability to administer the government until such time as some parliamentary leader should develop sufficient backing to venture upon taking control.

We shall see as we go on our travels how radi-

cally in some cases war has changed the prerogatives and powers of the Prime Minister. In England we shall perhaps conclude that Mr. Lloyd George, who in 1916 went to Downing Street with no responsibilities save to a parliamentary majority at Westminster, has found his already high office developed by the war into a sort of presidency of the British Empire governing "by and with the consent" of the Dominion Premiers. We will arrive in Berlin at a time when the Cabinet of the new Republic under Josef Wirth was seeking the support of German "big business" in order to carry on as a Government and to carry out the pact signed at London. When Walther Rathenau, President of one of their greatest commercial undertakings, accepted from the outside a newly created cabinet post, it marked a significant step forward in the development of the new German Republic.

In a few countries, notably Italy and Norway, we will notice that all the political power of the country is not to be found inside of the cabinet, fo Giolitti in the former and Knudsen in the latt have had much to say from the side-lines since signing the premiership voluntarily and not uj adverse parliamentary votes. Several Euro

statesmen have been Prime Minister several times, notably Briand, Maura the Spaniard and Giolitti. The ups and downs in political life are well portrayed in a story about Giolitti, who has several times been Prime Minister of Italy. On one of these occasions a certain Sicilian shipping company begged the honour of naming for him a ship then being built. He consented. Soon after that the political swing turned against him because of his friendliness for Germany and Austria, so he resigned office. At the time that the vessel was finished, Italy had declared war on Austria. The stockholders of the company made such a protest against their new ship being christened Giovanni Giolitti that the directors had to yield, so she glided into the water as the *Citta-di-Trieste.* Not long after Giolitti regained his popularity, again became Prime Minister, and the shipping directors cursed the fickleness of public opinion in general and of stockholders in particular.

To an American, accustomed to the balance which our constitution sets up between the Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches of our Government, the most interesting result of our European investigations will be to learn that over there

the legislative branch largely, if not entirely, usurps the prerogatives of the executive.

Autocratic monarchy fell with the Czar of Russia. In most kingdoms the King interferes not at all in Government. To this rule there are intermittent exceptions, some of them useful ones. For example, the Danish King, believing that the extremely radical cabinet in office after the close of the war did not correctly represent current public opinion, arbitrarily called for new elections. His opinion was endorsed at the polls by the return of a Parliament which selected a moderate radical as Prime Minister. So limited are the powers of the French President, so carefully has that Republic guarded against another coup d'état such as made Louis Napoleon Emperor, that there is ample justification for that brilliant Parisian journalist Stephane Lauzanne, naming his article on the President "The Prisoner of the Elysées" (as his official residence is called). Limited also are the powers of the Presidents of both Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. Even in Bulgaria, not exactly the quietest part of the turbulent Balkans, there is a distinct limit to the kingly power when it opposes constitutional government.

When King Ferdinand and his Minister Radoslavof decided that their country should enter the war on the side of Germany and Austria, they called a Council at Sofia, which was to be a mere formality, since everybody, no matter what his politics, knew that the question was already settled. All those present approved the King's decision except Stambuliski, head of the Agrarian party, who protested stoutly. "If Your Majesty persists in this decision, he had best look out for his head!" "My head," retorted the angry Monarch, "although an old one, is solid enough on my shoulders. Yours is a young head, and it wouldn't take much to make it come off!" "Bah," coolly remarked Stambuliski, "that would cost Your Majesty too dearly." That very evening Stambuliski was thrown into prison, and later condemned to death. But he was right, Ferdinand was afraid to put the sentence into execution, for Stambuliski's popularity was so great that his decapitation would have proved too expensive a luxury.

While the power of the British King for service to the Empire is greater than most Americans imagine, even he is most careful never to interfere with the actual government entrusted to Parliament

by the unwritten constitution of those sometimes unfamiliar cousins of ours.

We have seen the time in Washington when, during the period of interpretation of the Constitution, our Supreme Court was most potent, and we have also witnessed the undue predominance of the executive in the person of President Wilson, first attacked and then curbed by the legislative led by our Senate. But never have we witnessed the legislative select the actual governor of the State as European Parliaments constantly select Prime Ministers. This difference between our system and theirs will be best studied when we are visiting France, and it will prove an instructive comparison.

The European system of basing government control upon control in Parliament makes the Prime Minister more immediately representative than is our chief executive. With us a President cannot be ousted until his term of four years expires, unless, of course, he subjects himself to impeachment, —something which was never attempted but once and then did not succeed.

In Europe his prototype's tenure of office is only from day to day—the moment the Opposition musters sufficient strength to defeat him in a vote of

confidence, off come the robes of office! This very fact renders the Prime Ministers of Europe peculiarly representative of current public opinion, and therefore from the study of their personalities and those of their associates, the Ministers for Foreign Affairs, may we be sure of putting ourselves into direct communication with up-to-date political thought on the other side of the Atlantic.

All of these officials with whom I talked knew that I had not the slightest shadow of official standing. I represented nobody officially or unofficially. They rightly took me for a plain, average American. They believe in the United States and in the average American, and to me as such they talked freely. Collectively they left upon me four chief impressions, of which the first two are that they thought we would soon have war with Japan (which Europe would observe with resignation!) and that all the leading statesmen of Europe but two are surprisingly typical of their nations, incarnating as it were domestic public opinion. The two exceptions are Lloyd George and Briand, both political supermen; Briand is a super-Frenchman, but Lloyd George is not a super-Englishman—he is as anti-typical as Disraeli, which perhaps explains why

they two gained such an hold on the English people. The two other collective impressions gathered during my trip were first, that all of Europe west of a line so drawn as to leave to the westward Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal has no effect direct or indirect upon the vote in America, while the countries to the east of it from the North Cape to the tip of Italy strongly affect our vote. Second, that every European politician, be he wise or foolish, firmly believes that all his country's woes, economic or otherwise, would be cured by giving it a piece of neighbouring territory. Just as if we thought that unemployment in New York could be remedied by giving us a corner of Connecticut or a slice of Pennsylvania! How these conclusions were reached will later appear.

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CHAPTER I: THE POST-WAR BRITISH EMPIRE

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PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS

CHAPTER I

THE POST-WAR BRITISH EMPIRE

IS Lloyd George a seer, a prophet, a deliverer, a super-statesman, or a mountebank, a gymnast, a trickster? He has been called all of these and better and worse, but no one has yet been able to discern the naked truth about him. The world is now watching Great Britain with him as engineer running on the tracks of the Great Democratic Railroad. The world wonders as it sees the myriad passengers get aboard loving, fearing or distrusting him;—quite a number of them doubt if they will ever arrive sound of life and limb at their journey's end!

But the English get aboard. They follow their engineer for two principal reasons. One is that as a nation of gamblers they like to take a chance on

a horse race, a ring battle, a match at Lord's, anything. And they trust and follow whomsoever they think is a winner,—Lloyd George is a winner!

The other reason for their docility is that they do not understand him, he is the "whirling dervish" of politics who diverts and hypnotises. Like children, too abashed to demand a reason from their schoolmaster, the "people"—and they compose Lloyd George's background—simply accept his dictum, that is, his definition of the meaning and menace of the new problems of Europe.

I would like to bring Lloyd George within the scope of normal vision. But I should fail, as others have failed before me if I sought only the "naked truth." For there is no naked truth. Try to separate a conception of that mystery, a man, from the details of himself, including the perfect and imperfect things in his character, and nothing remains. What admirers call the gold in him, and what the detractors call the base metal are not the person; the alloy may well be the man himself.

At 10:30 on the morning of June 29, 1921, Lloyd George received me on the narrow terrace of the famous dingy little house, 10 Downing street, heart of the vast British Empire. It was not an aus-

picious moment for this meeting I had sought, because the Premiers of the various dominions were already assembled within the house and were impatiently waiting for the chief. Under such conditions it seemed that the best I could hope for would be a most abbreviated interview, but it turned out more happily.

Fortunately Lloyd George dearly loves a chat, and the way Philip Kerr, the brilliant, intellectual nephew of Lord Lothian, and until recently the Premier's political secretary, had spoken of me, had possibly piqued the Welshman's curiosity. Ignoring the Premiers who from time to time appeared at the windows Lloyd George received me as if his time were unreservedly mine.

"You are making a collection of Prime Ministers?" asked he, "a queer notion. And how did you get the idea?"

My answer the reader may compile for himself from the pages of this book; it satisfied Lloyd George, who seemed not unwilling that I should put him at the head of the list.

Neatly dressed, his short, well-filled figure with the famous crooked legs that are the joy of the caricaturists soon passed out of my vision and I

saw the noble head with its thatch of too long hair, the large eyes that might be blue or brown, that are, in fact, blue in merriment and brown in deeper emotion. I should have lost sight, I say, of his diminutive stature had it not been for a mannerism, meant to hide it, that instead, constantly emphasises it. With his eye-glass occasionally thrust at me to make a verbal point he would step first towards me and then leaning far back he would step away and then back again, now advancing one shoulder and now the other—the in-and-out action of a trained boxer. The mannerism is that almost always the head leans away from you, just as Colonel Roosevelt's was wont to do, to lend an impression of greater height, but Lloyd George's head inclines generally to one side or the other, which Roosevelt's did not. Roosevelt made his points by suddenly leaning towards his man and baring his teeth, but the Welshman makes his by leaning back and screwing up his eyes the better to observe how you take him.

Always there gleamed from between these narrowed lids a something, what was it? certainly not frankness. There ensued a pause as if he waited to see if he had made an impression, and if he had

failed, instantly he chose another way to do so. Then, having succeeded, open wide flew the eyes and the franker expression returned.

His physical action in no way denotes that he is a golfer and yet it is a great passion with him. America is not the only country where it is politically wise to be a golf playmate of the Executive! One of Lloyd George's most intimate friends (the owner and editor of *The News of the World,* a weekly with 3,000,000 circulation) was raised by him to the peerage as Lord Riddell of Walton Heath, for it was at the golf course of that name that they golfed together, and thither L. G. (as he is frequently called) repairs for his favourite sport whenever cares of office permit. His political wit is as alert as his bearing. It was reported to Lloyd George that in a public speech Sylvia Pankhurst had declared that if he were her husband she would give him poison. "If she were my wife," retorted he, "I would gladly take the poison."

Lloyd George on this fair June morning felt elated at having settled the coal strike. He introduced the topic and later that of the Irish question, thus treating me as he frequently treats parliament, to an appearance, at least, of utter open-

ness. His joy in his success was very pleasant to see, nor did he conceal his pride.

How he settled this momentous strike and thereby crossed another crisis he explained saying that it was by making himself a partisan of one side and the other successively in order to get the heart of the matter out of either. In no other way, he said, could a decision be reached that would even temporarily heal their differences.

"All things to all men." While listening, with every sense, as I thought, to his talk, at the same time, as if magically, the salient events in his career ran through my head—his yeoman service for the Liberal Party, paid for by a delayed salaried position, the Presidency of the Board of Trade, his reform of the Budget as Chancellor of the Exchequer, his break with the Liberal Party over the liberalisation of the British Constitution, his getting guns and munitions with a bludgeon when Minister of Munitions, his call to "Big Business" to fill the breach in the war, finally his ringing clarion, "The Empire is now running Downing Street and not Downing Street the Empire." I say that while attending to Lloyd George's fluent and engaging chat these things passed through my mind, called

up, I verily believe, by his necromancy. I was falling under the spell of a magician.

His own voice broke the spell.

"Have you read the speech of your Ambassador?" (He referred to Colonel Harvey's maiden speech in England which every one remembers.)

"Has it hurt him with your people?"

To hurt and to help politically,—are these the Prime Minister's guiding infinitives? Is this the way in which he constructs his table of values?

Lloyd George has not forgotten his law studies in a garret in Lincoln's Inn for he is a trained cross-examiner. When he learned that I had recently been in Berlin he asked: "Had I met Rathenau? What was Germany's opinion of that statesman? Did he know that England's purpose was to help Germany?"

Next came this question: "Did I believe that Wirth, the new German Prime Minister, would last?" "Yes," I replied, "longer than the people who used him as a stop gap had thought possible." I write seven months after the event and Wirth is still in power.

Beneath the ease and casual nature of his manner Lloyd George exhibited in this talk, so unim-

portant to him, a refreshing desire to make a favourable impression, to be liked. This, I feel sure, is with him a general consideration. To the individual as to the mass his manner is not combative but conciliatory. He wears his armour nowhere save on the battle field. His wish to be understood is not keen, for to that I think he is indifferent, but the elemental emotion, purely Celtic, always functions at other times. It is a necessity of his nature to make his charm felt.

It is a very real charm, a mixture of the orator—and he is a wonderful orator—and the actor. As the latter he is unsurpassed. He gets under the skin of every character he assumes. It is not by change of costume merely that he parades now as Cromwell and now as Richard III, but by facial changes, by bodily differences, by, it may almost be said, a transformation of the very texture of his brain. If an auditor should exclaim that there is an attempt to deceive him, let him not forget that the political actor is at the same time deceiving himself, so heartily has he entered into the part.

How mistaken it is to call this man a political gymnast! How meaningless are the words, often applied in derogation of this player, that he delib-

erately deserts his principles! The truth is nearer arrived at by saying that he changes his rôles and with each one assumes its principles. They are not necessarily his but they do belong to and fit the character.

"Shall you see Giolitti?" he inquired as, moved by the frequent return of the Premiers to the windows, I began to take my leave. "Shall you see Giolitti? I advise you to see Giolitti."

"But Giolitti is no longer in office, since he has just resigned."

"He is old, he has worked hard, he is only taking a vacation; he can come back whenever he is ready. See Giolitti, he's the best of us all."

. . . . . .

I have said that Lloyd George disdains prophecy, and rarely indulges in a forecast of the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and to-day is his. But this does not deprive him of the power of foreseeing what to-morrow will be like. He possesses this faculty, a kind of second sight, which gilds as it sustains his power.

During the Boer war Lloyd George loudly favoured a generous policy towards those doughty foes, declaiming that it afforded the only basis for

amicable relations after victory. Indeed it is said that he had to escape disguised as a policeman from an angered public meeting in Manchester.

From this advanced pro-Boer attitude he reaped substantial reward. By the friendship thus formed with General Smuts, now Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, Lloyd George was enabled to use the Boer chief as an intermediary between the Government and the Dail Eireann.

It is a secret de Polichinelle that when the governmental chiefs of the several dominions assembled in London in June, 1921, one of whose meetings I had just delayed, among their strongest recommendations was the adjustment of the Irish problem on the easiest terms. General Smuts and Mr. Meighen, the Canadian Premier, especially urged, first truce and then conciliation.

Both fell well within Lloyd George's policy and to Smuts he entrusted the olive branch. General Smuts' visit to Dublin was quickly followed by personal conferences in London with De Valera and other representatives of the Dail, conferences which the British Prime Minister had himself been unable to arrange.

Lloyd George did not waste the political bread

he cast upon (or across) the waters during the Boer war, he seldom wastes anything,—and thanks to him the British Empire seems now to be near to healing a cancer centuries old.

A consideration of the personalities of these Premiers who met with Lloyd George in late June and early July of 1921 should carry along with it, by relating how they confronted great national problems, an approximate understanding of how the post-war British Empire means to carry on.

The Empire, "muddling through," has functioned well in the past and it has recently safely weathered its direst crisis, but the new conditions demand new methods.

In the case of Jan Smuts few statesmen's photographs depict the man so fairly as that of the stocky Boer, a leader like our own Washington, resourceful both in war and peace. Born in 1870 in South Africa, he completed his education begun there by taking a Double First Law Tripos at Christ's College, Cambridge. Knowing the English well, both as one who lived among them during impressionable student days and later as their foe in battle, he pays them the great compliment of trusting to their genius as an equitable Colonial power. As a

lover of his South Africa, he realises that *interdependence* with so strong an entity as the British Empire is better for the fortune of a country needing unlimited capital than an unaided independence. In 1906, he wrote "our strength lies not in isolation but in union." He has learned and typifies what it would be well for certain Philippine separatists, yearning to be lambs sent out alone into the forest, carefully to ponder. Those who have sat with him in council, friends and foes alike, testify that he is apt to wait until the views of all the others have been advanced, and the problem fully presented, before offering his own suggestions thereon—which suggestions are generally so simple and effective as greatly to clarify the issue if not to entirely meet it. In this regard he is much like our own Senator Root.

Two men could hardly be more unlike than Premiers Meighen of the vast Canadian provinces and Massey of New Zealand, smallest of the Dominions in population and the only one with restricted geographical limitations. Thin, wiry, active is the former, while Massey is burly—a real farmer.

Massey has been in power a far longer period

than most Prime Ministers enjoy, over ten years, and has had a peculiarly well-rounded experience, serving as Minister of Lands and Labour, Agriculture, Industries, and Commerce. Born in Ireland in 1856, he went out to New Zealand in 1870 to join his parents who had emigrated a few years earlier with non-Conformist settlers.

Gaunt and slender is Premier Hughes of Australia, as hard of hearing as his opinions are hard to change.

However they may differ as men, as statesmen all are of one type—ministers responsible only to representative assemblies of their own people. This is what the British Prime Minister used to be before the war, when he had only the majority in his London parliament to consider. It is not so with Lloyd George to-day. His responsibility has broadened to include a stewardship over the far-flung Empire, the late international war has developed his high office into a sort of Presidency of Greater Britain.

Of the visiting Colonial premiers none made so favourable an impression in "Our Old Home" as Mr. Meighen, which may or may not have been due to the reason he modestly assigned, that officialdom

and the man in the street "had seen the other fellows before," and he was a novelty. Though a turn of the political wheel has lately lost him the Premiership, there will long be remembered his yeoman service to his Dominion during the London conference.

Born in Anderson, Ontario, in 1874, and graduated with honours in mathematics from Toronto University in 1896, Meighen farmed, taught school, etc., for four years, when he turned to the law. In 1908, then 34 years old, he entered Parliament and proceeding upward through one political office after another, but always as a friend of Sir Robert Borden, became in 1920 Canadian Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His face is thoughtful, and this appearance reflects itself in the happy selection of words for which his speeches are widely known. He asked straightforward, significant questions about American public opinion upon different points—how did they feel on the Irish question? etc. He showed that he knew far more than did the English of our general desire that some decent settlement be made of the Irish controversy. Indeed, the Canadian Premier commented later upon this very fact while giving hearty

endorsement to Lloyd George's earnest desire to be informed upon American public opinion—"they have the best of intentions toward America," said he, "but London does not understand America's point of view."

Just as Meighen with Smuts led the demand for an Irish settlement, so Meighen and Hughes are believed to have led that against the renewing of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in any shape that might offend America. It is generally understood, however, that Meighen went much further than Hughes, and favoured dropping that alliance altogether. In this second matter, of course, General Smuts and his people are too far distant from the Pacific Ocean to feel the effect of Japanese economic penetration and cannot be expected to realise why Australia is perforce unanimous for the "White Australia" policy. Although Meighen is uncommunicative to a foreigner upon his official views regarding this purely Pacific question, he did not hesitate to ask if Americans did not think that America would have joined the Allies earlier in the Great War if there had been no Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Hughes, not only a lawyer at home but also a

member of Gray's Inn, London, made a world-wide name for himself at the Versailles Peace Conference. He knew exactly what Australia had to have and also just what she meant to have omitted from the Conference's decisions, and in both these regards he made himself not only heard, but in the end, listened to.

One day at the Paris Peace Conference Premier Hughes got into an argument with President Wilson about the mandate over New Guinea. The President had his doubts concerning the good faith of Australian imperialism. "Would Australia agree to forbid the sale of arms to the natives?" "Yes," replied the suspected Australian. "And also the sale of alcohol?" "Yes, because alcohol is not good for cannibals," said Hughes. "And would agree not to erect fortifications?" "Why, of course—what good are fortifications to cannibals?" was the reply. "And you would freely admit all missionaries?" "With pleasure," said Premier Hughes. "Our reports show that those particular cannibals haven't been getting half enough to eat!"

If being born on the soil makes a difference, Mr. Hughes is even more Welsh than Lloyd George; he was born in Wales in 1864 and at 20 went out

to Australia. Since 1915 he has been its Prime Minister. Many years of service in Parliament prepared him for that leadership, and for his recent successful representation of his country in Paris.

All these Dominion Premiers have been honoured not only by the English government and municipal bodies but also by honourary degrees from universities, of which Hughes has received five. Sometimes these distinctions prove hurtful at home by exciting local jealousies; all politicians are not so quick as was Sir George Reid, former Australian Prime Minister, who upon returning home after being made a K.C.M.G. (Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George) replied when asked its meaning by an Opposition newspaper reporter, "It only means—keep calling me George."

We are accustomed to speak of Prime Ministers as heads of representative governments but perhaps without realising how representative of their average constituents those dignitaries must perforce be. If these individuals were not of a type approved each by his own people they would not be where they are! For that reason we may safely say that a sight of their portraits and even so fleeting a glimpse as this of the personalities represent-

ing the different British Dominions can usefully enlighten us upon that important international question "Whither is the British Empire tending?"

In Paris one meets many people—some of them high up, who maintain that such an imperial conference as that of London can only mean the parting of the ways—that the Dominions are about to split off as did the Americans in 1776. Such people forget that the rulers of Great Britain to-day are not so narrow-minded as were Lord North and George III. No, it is not at a parting of the ways that these Premiers met under the Presidency of the British Prime Minister. The crossroads was passed when the Colonials rallied in men and money to the British front in Flanders and elsewhere. They are now well beyond, proceeding along a straight highway side by side. But at those crossroads, now passed, those very Colonials, by their gallant and brotherly conduct, ceased to be Colonials and became as full brothers in government as they had been in arms;—they shed their colonial citizenship to become partners in Empire. It was significant how their Premiers flared up when a certain London newspaper suggested that Winston

Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside at their conference! Those leaders, only Colonial Ministers before the War, have since then become real Prime Ministers. They demand recognition as such and the facts of the case call loudly to be heard on their behalf. Nor is the change come only to them. For he who before 1914 was Prime Minister of the British Empire, responsible only to a Parliament controlled by Londoners sitting in London, must now govern "by and with the advice and consent of" the Dominion partners, just as an American President must realise that along with the Executive, our Constitution gives recognition to the Legislative and Judicial branches of our government.

One may safely conclude that one so alert-minded as Lloyd George appreciates this change, in fact it is indicated by his selection as private secretary of that gallant Guardsman Sir Edward Grigg, especially well informed upon colonial affairs, to succeed Philip Kerr, specialist in foreign affairs, upon the latter's resignation in the spring of 1921. Britain has now time to devote to imperial adjustments necessarily neglected during the

life and death war struggle that demanded intensive vigilance in external affairs. In passing, do not forget that Philip Kerr is one of the ablest men in English public life. At present he heads the editorial staff of the *Morning Chronicle,* bought by friends of Lloyd George. When Kerr decides to re-enter politics, he will go far—indeed it is the opinion of the writer that he will one day be Prime Minister.

If, as Lloyd George's enemies allege, he is but a Celtic opportunist, there is to be urged on the other hand England's good fortune in having her assembled Premiers meet under the presidency of one whose quick adaptability recognises better than most Britishers the changed conditions war has brought to the Empire, and how to meet them so that its Anglo-Saxon folk may best carry forward their great mission of helping to maintain that world peace upon which depends international amity and commerce.

Downing Street is about the shortest street in the world, but there is none that reaches further! It leads off the broad thoroughfare known as Whitehall. On the right as you enter it stands the

modest official residence of the Prime Minister, and on the left, just opposite, the large Palladian pile of the Foreign Office—that is all, but what goes on in and goes forth from those two edifices would crowd an average avenue several miles long!

The Marquis of Curzon, now head of the Foreign Office, is a typical example of the so-called governing class, which has always played so great a part in modern English history. He is a man of unusual learning in foreign affairs, having studied them in all parts of the world, and thereby knows his subject at first hand. Also he is equipped with a splendid physique, embellished with "the Oxford manner" raised to the *n*th power, to which same his enemies love to allude. When the first American troops were being reviewed in London by high officials of the British government, it was noticed by a certain English writer that "while the King frequently waved his hand to the passing Yankees, and Balfour his handkerchief, Lord Curzon maintained a dignified posture, as though he were receiving a belated though adequate apology for the Declaration of Independence."

One day while lunching at the French Foreign

Office, Briand expressed great surprise at how tall Lord Curzon seemed when sitting down. "It is really very strange," said Bonomi, the Italian Prime Minister, himself a large man, "he never struck me as being of such very lofty stature." Later on they learned that Lord Curzon possessed a highly prized leather portfolio, in which he carried his most important documents. Nothing in the world could persuade him to let it out of his own possession, so upon going in to luncheon, he put it on his chair to sit on, for all the world like the wool sack beneath the Lord Chancellor at Westminster, which everybody knows has the effect of greatly elevating any one seated thereon!

So much for the way in which the business of governing the British Empire has been and is now being conducted, and now for another factor without which the picture is far from complete. It is the fashion for British public speakers the world over to speak of the Crown as the golden thread that binds the Empire together. But is it not something both more and less than that? Let us follow the trend of public thought nowadays and apply the touchstone of metaphysics to the Crown's influence. More and more are we coming to real-

ise the difference between things material and those purely spiritual. While the Crown retains the outward pomp of matter it has lost the material power; —that has passed back to the people and is wielded by their elected and selected representatives. But the Crown's hold on the spirit of the people is as strong as ever it was, and of late years it has more than once demonstrated its power of service to the country.

Particularly has the charming personality of the Prince of Wales, through his widely won popularity, demonstrated this. The combination of his frank youth and simple directness of manner has proved irresistible. He has won the confidence of his people on the home islands and around the seven seas, and his wellwishers are not all compatriots. How will he use this great asset?—in what direction will the Crown develop?—time alone will show. But, since it is already the fashion to say that in many respects he is very like his grandfather, King Edward VII, it is useful to consider what sort of a sovereign the latter proved himself. The time has come to recognise that he was one of the great Kings of English history. Long kept in the background by his royal mother, that positive

queen, Victoria, and coming to the throne at the advanced age of sixty, he soon showed that he had not been wasting his years of preparation. Strachey in his remarkable life of Queen Victoria makes it clear that Prince Albert Edward was considered somewhat of a trial to his parents, differing so entirely from his meticulously industrious German father; to whom, by the way, America owes the remoulding by Queen Victoria of the Mason-Slidell message, which in its original draft so seriously threatened an Anglo-American conflict.

When the Prince of Wales came to the throne in January, 1901, he found Anglo-French relations in a state best indicated by saying that the French press carried as many comments of "perfide Albion" as did the English comic columns upon Johnny Crapaud, the landlubber across the channel. Realising far in advance of his contemporaries the control that the Prussian military clique was fastening upon Germany and its inevitable result, he set his wise heart upon an Anglo-French alliance as the only practical defence against the rapidly developing policy of Deutschland über Alles. Notwithstanding the unpopularity of his plan (be-

cause its need was not understood) he brought to pass the new international alliance, which success of his diplomacy is, in the light of subsequent events, seen to be one of the most notable contributions by an English king to his people's welfare.

Without that Anglo-French alliance, the German militarists must have conquered. All hail Edward the Seventh!—and in this acclaim all the countries allied and associated in the World War should heartily join.

Lately, but a few months since, George V and Queen Mary went to Ireland and opened the Ulster Parliament against the advice of wise councillors who knew they risked their lives thereby. Indeed, so general was the belief in the danger they insisted upon running that even the Sinn Fein Irish of the south admired their courage, for you can always trust an Irishman to recognise pluck. With such parents and such a grandfather, the young Prince of Wales is shown to be after all only carrying on the tradition of service by the Crown to the British people, without which its government would not from the standpoint of a metaphysician be complete. The new adjust-

ment reached by the conference of Dominion Premiers under the presidency of the British Prime Minister will materially govern the Empire, whilst the Crown, with its hold upon the spirit of the people, will do its part in holding them together.

CHAPTER II: PRESENT DAY OFFICIAL FRANCE

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AMERICANS who have not studied them at home are apt to hold false notions about the French people. Considering them an erratic, unsteady folk, they judge their governmental methods by the same standard, alleging instability in the French system of conditioning government control upon the retention of a majority in parliament.

The fact is that the conduct of the different government departments in France goes uninterruptedly forward, regardless of shifting Ministries, and with less change than in Washington, where cabinet officers are apt to alter the conduct of the departments committed to their care. French Prime Ministers change more frequently than do our presidents, but in type they differ less than did McKinley from Roosevelt, or Cleveland from Wilson. In order to learn of French politics, let us study some of their public men, not forgetting the national limitations subject to which they must function, and certainly not overlooking sundry

leaders of the press, so influential in their public life.

Aristide Briand, astute politician if France ever produced one, is a fisherman. When cares of office permit brief holidays, he spends them fishing at a little place he owns in the department of the Eure, near Paris. An enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton's sport and a Frenchman! This combination means that to the quick perceptions and clear reason he shares in common with fine specimens of the Latin race, is added the infinite patience essential to the wielder of the rod and line.

Observed from this angle reasons for Briand's political success unfold themselves.

One day in June, 1921, while lunching with him at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, his official residence, he interrupted his amazing flow of anecdote, gleaned during years of public life, to ask if I still preferred to think of him more as a fisherman than as a Prime Minister. The answer was easy, for it was upon the very next day that Lord Curzon, head of the British Foreign Office, was arriving in Paris to see Briand after several weeks of vainly inviting the Frenchman to come to London or Lympne or Folkestone or even Boulogne! Briand,

Au Général Sharrill
en souvenir de bonne amitié
Aristide Briand

with a fisherman's patience, having announced to England France's policy on certain matters, had simply waited. Nor does this fisherman always sit on the bank, for when a month later, his enemies sought to overthrow him in the Chambre des Députés by attacking a high functionary of his, the Foreign Office, he waded out into the political rapids, vigorously defended the man, and offered to resign if the deputies disapproved of such defence. And all this turmoil was about a telegram sent before Briand had last become Minister—some one else's political baby left on his doorstep, as it were.

There you have the man, alert-minded like all Latins, logical as is the average Frenchman, quickly daring, but all this against a background of untiring patience. Even the French themselves do not seem to realise the significant change that has come over their position as a continental power, thanks to Briand. When he last became Prime Minister they were England's "splendid second," to borrow a phrase of Kaiser Wilhelm's anent Austria. Now we see not only Lord Curzon coming to Paris instead of Briand going to England, but also many other European leaders, such as Benes, Take Jonescu, Pashich, and last of all the Greek Prime

Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, all acknowledging by their visits the prestige attained by the French capital.

If Briand is an example of the French parliamentary system which is said to breed and educate opportunists, he is, at least, among the best of them. The dangerous opportunist is he who is eager for office and unwilling to leave office. Briand's opportunism is based on the sound and practised philosophy of one as willing to resign office as he has been to assume its responsibilities.

For the sixth time Briand last came into power as Prime Minister on January 16, 1921. Only once had he actually been forced from office by adverse parliamentary votes, resigning on all the other occasions because the time seemed unfavourable for carrying forward his policy of government.

As Prime Minister he has held various portfolios, generally that of the Interior, but when he formed this post-war ministry, the question of international relations assuming dominance, Briand took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs.

He began his political career as an advanced Socialist. He was a working man, a toiler with his hands, but his fiery political speeches so delighted

his fellows that they pushed him on and upward as their adored representative. That diplomat of long training, Count Wrangel, while Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, once remarked to me that when a Socialist mounted high enough to view the world from a first floor balcony, it became for him quite different from that same world seen from the curbstone! The responsibilities of office necessarily broadened and refined the Socialist Briand. The once carelessly garbed working man has become as well and quietly dressed as the most fastidious Londoner. His hair, however, remains longer than convention demands, but his dark shock slightly grey at the sides, adds to the appearance of strength given by powerful shoulders. But the feature lingering longest in memory is the unwavering gaze of his intense blue eyes. Most great men have a keen gaze because they have no time for casual glances, and Briand is like other great men in this respect. For great man he has proved himself to be and that, too, on frequent occasions, notably when, as Prime Minister in 1910, he, a Socialist, defeated the Socialist railway strike by the bold expedient of summoning the strikers to military duty and then assigning them to service

on the very railways they planned to desert. France first and Socialism second was then his idea, and so it has always been throughout his political career,—France first and his own projects second, even when that meant resignation from high office, as it often did.

Briand has a very pleasant sense of humour. When at the famous March, 1921 meeting in London, Lloyd George, expecting a reasonable indemnity suggestion from the German delegate, Dr. Simons, found that on the contrary he seemed to be putting the blame for the war on the Allies, and almost to ask an apology from them to the poor, overburdened Germans, the British Prime Minister pencilled a brief note to Briand. "In five minutes' time, you will hear that it is we who owe money to the Germans." Briand said nothing, but took out his watch and placed it on the table before him. At the end of exactly five minutes he pushed the watch over to Lloyd George with a paper on which he had written "Give it to him, and give him your shirt along with it."

Even sentiment, so potent a factor with all Latins, never prevents Briand's sense of humour from functioning. One day during the war Briand,

then Prime Minister, after lunching at a restaurant on the Rue Royale with Lloyd George, set out on foot with him for the Foreign Office. On their way through the Place de la Concorde, they stopped before the statue of Strasbourg, draped in crêpe, and covered with banners and flowers by devoted Alsatians. Said Lloyd George with much emotion, "I can never see that statue in its trappings of woe without an unspeakable sadness coming over me." Briand grasped his hand, saying, "Rest assured that when this war ends, we will remove those sad draperies." The distinguished Briton became thoughtful for a moment and then continued, "Perhaps, if some day after the war I should see in Berlin a statue of the German left bank of the Rhine similarly draped with mourning, I would feel the same emotion." "Ah!" replied Briand, "learn to control your emotions, lest you should also come upon another draped statue in Berlin representing the German colonies that the war had forced you to take from Germany—it wouldn't do then to show too much distress!"

Prime Ministers, especially French ones, must necessarily make enemies, their control of political patronage alone ensures this, for as a prominent

Tammanyite once remarked, "When you fill a good job it always means creating one ingrate and a dozen enemies." But Briand also knows how to make and keep friends, and devoted ones, too. One of these is Maurice Bunau-Varilla, since 1903 sole owner of *Le Matin,* most modernised and progressive of all the Paris dailies, with a circulation of a million copies. His square, rugged frame topped by a determined face, with closely cropped grey beard, reminds an American of our President Grant. His admiration for Briand is a pretty thing to see, but he is not always amiable, in fact, he is sometimes a good hater, as Georges Clemenceau knows to his cost!

Newspapers have more direct political influence in France than they have with us, which is partly explained by the fact that there sudden storms may upset parliamentary majorities, which means ousting leaders, a danger from which our office-holders are secure. Having just cited an influential journalistic friend of Briand's let us not forget an equally fervent enemy, André Géraud, known to American readers by his pen name of Pertinax. This active and able writer for the *Echo de Paris* and its owner, Henri Simond, attack Briand with

as much enthusiasm as they supported Millerand when Prime Minister. Taken together, Géraud and Simond make an highly effective journalistic team, and there is no gainsaying that there is never a dull paragraph in articles signed Pertinax.

The anti-aristocratic movement which at the end of the eighteenth century, set the guillotine at work cutting off the heads of nobles, has never died out in France. Even during the last war, when France needed every man, members of the ancient haute noblesse frequently suffered from being considered too aristocratic, and certain ones were even refused commissions. Beneath the surface of Republican France there continually smoulders a monarchical minority and the press champion of this element is that picturesque figure, Arthur Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*. Needless to say, the gentler sex, especially they of the smart set, favour this brand of politics, so it follows that the *Gaulois* penetrates into more Paris salons than any other sheet, and indeed, its vivacious, well-written columns deserve that recognition from a class so interested in matters artistic and literary. The *Temps* is the Paris paper that more nearly approximates the type represented by the great London and New York jour-

nals. While the serious weight of its front page articles may not overturn Ministries so readily as can some of its livelier neighbours, yet support from its clear, sound reasoning goes far to establish the record of deserving statesmen. Such newspaper-reading folk as Americans are naturally surprised to learn that the *Petit Parisien* has a daily circulation of over 1,600,000, a world record, a little more than its leading London rival, the *Daily Mail,* and more than twice what our "best sellers" can show. It was brought up to these vast totals by Senator Jean Dupuy, and upon his death, his son, Paul Dupuy, who has succeeded him as Senator, has proved himself an equally skilful editor. There is no doubt that French newspapers have more real political influence than do ours. When George McClellan was elected Mayor of New York City by a handsome majority all the papers but one opposed him vigorously. If such a journalistic broadside had been turned loose in Paris it would have doomed any candidate, no matter what his worth or backing.

Although the French parliamentary system undoubtedly puts a premium on opportunism, their Prime Ministers occasionally surprise friends and hearten enemies by trying, at least for a while, to

breast the current of public opinion. Recently Briand took such a chance and with his eyes open to its danger. During the trying period caused by disagreement between the French and English as to the proper handling of the Upper Silesia problem and that of German reparations, it was the fashion for certain London journalistic extremists to characterise as "Wild Men" the nationalistic block in the French parliament which under the masterly leadership of ex-President Poincaré urged using force to the uttermost with the Germans. They, and indeed most Parisians, clamoured for French occupation of the Ruhr and other industrial districts in Germany, while many shouted "On to Berlin!" It would have certainly proved a widely popular move for the Prime Minister to make. He had already called to the colours nearly 200,000 men recently released from military service,—why not draw the sabre and sound the advance!

But Briand did not. He knew that the French, although always gallant fighters, were not really a militaristic nation, and he also knew it would be hurtful if the outside world had reason for considering them militaristic. He was right, for so far

as America is concerned he would certainly have alienated American support if he had yielded to the public clamour in that regard, for we do not like "the man on horseback" and we are opposed to militarism for all time. France has suffered from German depredations far more than any other nation and she urgently needed money to repair her miles of devastated towns, and certainly Germany had done her utmost to postpone and reduce reparation payments. There was every excuse for a French desire to crush Germany economically or to wring huge repayments from her. But to do both was impossible,—the same cow cannot at the same time yield both beef and milk. What was to be France's policy? First, let us consider the general situation, for in that way we can come to see how, under the French political system, a leader can develop a policy.

A curious omission from the document signed at London May 5, 1921, fixing the amount that Germany must pay the Allies was that it neglected to offer the Germans any inducement for advancing those payments, either in cash or material. The French Prime Minister came to see this omission and developed an original line of policy which may

prove more productive of future benefit to France and peace for Europe than the strictest enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. His Minister of Finance, Paul Doumer, was one of the few Frenchmen who opposed occupying the Ruhr district to enforce payment of the German indemnity, because he believed there were other ways of getting it not so crippling to the payer's powers of payment.

On the other side of the matter, the new German administration had the wisdom to realise that since the amount of these payments was now fixed, the time for dilatory haggling was past, and that the best move for regaining German credit abroad was to live up to the terms of the London pact. For over two years there had been many meetings of numerous principals around variously shaped large tables, but now common sense indicated that ravaged France needed face to face dealings with Germany in order to get German reconstructive aid directly and quickly.

Briand sent Loucheur (the French Cabinet officer particularly charged with the devastated regions) to meet at Wiesbaden Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction. They were both hardheaded, practical men. The former had made

a large fortune during the war by farsighted business dealings, and the latter was president of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft, a great commercial enterprise resembling our General Electric Company. These two experienced business men lost no time in coming to terms, and devised a plan whereby Germany might work out part of her money payments by providing German-made material for use in French reconstruction. This solution of the French reparation question has a more reasonable economic basis than any theretofore devised. France gets her reconstructive material much earlier than she originally expected, while Germany is relieved from finding a certain amount of cash and at the same time finds employment for her people. To carry through this move endangered Briand's tenure of office, but he boldly faced the danger, and slowly French public opinion swung around to a realisation of his patriotic sagacity. Not only did he thereby secure material to repair the ravaged provinces at earlier dates than originally set, but at the same time he protected France from the charge of militarism which the continued occupation of Germany's industrial dis-

trict of the Ruhr would certainly have aroused abroad.

Loucheur, the Minister whom he employed so successfully in these delicate negotiations, personifies a new element which the war has brought into French politics. Many Parisians made profits in war contracts, and not a few of them are beginning for the first time to take part in politics. Just because they are not trained to the old rules of the game they are bringing into it new methods—more direct, forceful, and businesslike than were the old ones so long in vogue among their numerous professional politicians. This new force is tending to invigorate French public life, and Loucheur incarnates it to the full. It will be surprising if he does not become Prime Minister before many years have elapsed. Loucheur is sometimes disconcertingly practical in his departmental methods. One day while inspecting some reconstruction work in the devastated regions of Northern France, a glib-spoken superintendent started in to tell the Minister certain glittering generalities upon the work in hand. Loucheur suddenly interrupted his flow of oratory by asking the current price at that point of cement and brick. When the functionary

proved unable to reply, Loucheur commented dryly upon his attack of forgetfulness, and soon thereafter the man found himself amputated from the government payroll.

Another class of French society also gained large financial benefits from the war,—the farmers. They have become of late a great force in French politics, thus far only defensively, in avoiding taxation, but later they will surely grow more aggressive. In the old days many, if not most of them used to rent the land they tilled, but now the tenant-farmer has ceased to exist—they have all recently bought their farms. There were two million American soldiers in France, and it is estimated that on an average they spent a dollar a day apiece out of their own pockets—this makes $2,000,000 a day, and most of it went to the French farmers, to say nothing of the millions spent by our Government to supply rations to these very soldiers. The difference between the city profiteers and the farmers is that the former are few, while the latter represent a very large vote, which has the same results that it would have in any other republic, viz: those representing the large vote are not taxed! The needs of the French budget will doubtless bring

about a correction of this state of affairs, when the farmer vote will have to pass from the defensive to the aggressive.

In America, we are sometimes critical of our governmental system because it gives a President complete executive power for four years, even though the people may in the meantime have tired of his policies, and wish another party than his were in charge of affairs. On such occasions, we sigh longingly for the European parliamentary system where any day loss of confidence in the Executive can be expressed by an adverse vote of the people's representatives assembled in Parliament, and out goes the governing head, to make room for another who can command an approving parliamentary majority. The fact is that both systems have their defects as well as their advantages, for while it is true that ours may keep in power a President or a party long after they have outstayed their welcome, so also is the foreign parliamentary system open to criticism because it permits such abrupt and sometimes frequent changes of executive as to block development of policies requiring time to bear fruit.

Take Jonescu, the astute Roumanian Minister

for Foreign Affairs, expressed to me the opinion that Europe would have to come to an approximation of the American system so as to allow more time for the working out of policies. He may be right. But to-day the fact is that, in Europe, and especially in France, the Legislative branch of government has usurped the powers of the Executive. The real president of the French government, from an American point of view, is not the French President at all, but the Prime Minister.

And in its practical working out what is the result of this usurpation of the executive by the legislative? Suppose, for example, it should seem to French leaders of patriotic thought that it would be usefully expedient to sell to the United States the French possessions in the Caribbean Sea (their islands and also French Guiana) partly because that sale would materially reduce their war debt to us, but chiefly because of the friendly reaction sure to be produced in the United States by such French recognition of our widespread desire that the Caribbean Sea become Pan-Americanised and the mouth of both our Mississippi River and our Panama Canal be freed from European control of nearby islands or naval bases. Such a French pol-

icy, productive of both financial relief and useful improvement in Franco-American relations would hardly be possible for a Prime Minister working under the present European system. Why? Because Briand or any other French leader would almost certainly be voted down in the Chambre des Députés should he propose such a measure, since its membership is not yet prepared to look so far ahead. All the jingoes would denounce it—"where the French tri-colour flies it must remain!" etc., etc.—you can picture to yourself the opportunity for fire-eating oratory such a suggestion would offer to any parliament! The real executive in France is the Prime Minister, but he would not dare attempt to put through any such novel measure of questionable popularity; our real executive is the President, and he has four years in which to educate and lead the people up to a policy unpopular at first but so inherently sound as mature deliberation would finally show France is the sale to us of its West Indian lands at present costing them large annual deficits. There would be no better way to strengthen their hold upon the heart of so idealistic a people as those dwelling under the Stars and Stripes.

But what about the President of the French Republic, might he not be able to undertake such a policy so impossible to a Premier? The President is elected for seven years, and is therefore above and secure from the temporary disapproval of the Chambre des Députés. No American can say if the present incumbent of that high office, Alexandre Millerand, would favour such a forward-faced policy. But if he should come to approve it, could he exercise the political leadership necessary to carry it through the early days of its unpopularity until a campaign of patriotic education made it popular? And why not? For although the political power of the French Presidency is severely limited still he always has the ear of the people, a most important fact in matters of statecraft, and peculiarly is this true of President Millerand. As Prime Minister and at the same time Minister for Foreign Affairs, he exhibited such skill and discretion as to gain the complete confidence of his compatriots and universal respect abroad for his nation and himself. And when the unfortunate illness of President Deschanel necessitated his resignation (a trying episode most tactfully met by the

French press and people), it was to Millerand that in September, 1920 all turned as the natural successor to the retiring president.

I shall never forget the impression of solid worth and deliberation of purpose he made upon me when, at his invitation, we talked together at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a few days after the Republican Convention had been held at Chicago in June, 1920. Although his shaggy growth of white hair and bulkier form differed from the trim grey head and compacter build of George B. Cortelyou, the French statesman's calm, steady manner and poise of head was strangely like President McKinley's stenographer who became Secretary of the Treasury. The interview reminded me greatly of one held with Cortelyou when he was serving as Republican National Chairman,—the same brief but searching questions, showing wide information already possessed by the questioner, and the same logical development marking the enquiries. With both men the smile that occasionally humanised the questions came in the same gentle way.

President Millerand's favourite outdoor recrea-

tion is walking, while indoors he is devoted to billiards, which he plays badly. Almost everybody beats him, so one day a certain sagacious spirit suggested that it might be politic to select players poor enough to let the President win. "They don't exist," replied a familiar of the Presidential Mansion. He is also very fond of dominoes, but at this game he is better than at billiards. One might venture to suggest that a French office-seeker would do as well to play dominoes with his President as Lord Lee of Fareham did to play "Chequers" with the British Prime Minister!—the gift of that charming estate as a country home for the head of the Government was certainly a farsighted courtesy!

Yes, in Millerand the French unquestionably possess a politician-statesman able, when occasion arises, to lead them in a policy whose early unpopularity bars its adoption by a Prime Minister because French parliamentary methods necessitate practical opportunism in its manager. And why should so logical a folk as the French endure complete atrophy of such potentially beneficial co-operation by their President in national statesmanship? Our Executive possesses this power for good, and although French Prime Ministers dare not espouse

unpopular policies of "longue haleine," why is not that a field in which their Presidents may, without arousing conflict with the parliamentary executive, develop a usefulness to the nation which now seems lacking?

CHAPTER III: MAKERS OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

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MAKERS OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

IF the world had not for four years supped to satiety on horrors the German revolution would have won more popular interest. As a moving picture production the revolution came a little too late to draw the crowd.

But it must not be regarded as undramatic. Differing in every detail from the French Revolution the German has qualities of its own which will come to be more widely appreciated as time goes on. There are two reasons among several why it did not promptly startle the world. One of these is that the world doubted for a long time if it were real, if the German people meant it. And secondly, the man who headed it or whose name was used to lead the Social Democrats proved to be as different from Marat, Danton, Robespierre or their later incarnations, Lenin and Trotsky, as a mouse is from a tiger. Friedrich Ebert, the saddler! A poor soul, born in humble circumstances, who better than he could represent the proletariat? It was a

glorious opportunity, but the man was wanting in the qualities—bold and bad, it is true—that we demand in a revolutionary. The men whose names are reminiscent of the great revolt of the French proletariat lived by violence and died by violence. The saddler, the hand-worker whom they made provisional president of the German Republic will die in a feather bed.

He disappoints us by his unfitness for the task just as he disappointed us by his mildness as a leader of an overturning that now promises to be as enduring as its French prototype. But all actors cannot be cast in tragedy and melodrama, some are born to act in little plays like that Shakespeare interpolated into "Midsummer Night's Dream." And what a Bottom Ebert would have made! Or if not equipped for that rôle he might have carried off that of Lion and "roared you as gently as any sucking dove."

But, say what you will in expression of your disappointment at not finding in Ebert a hero who shall first kill widely and then be killed, he is typical of a large part of the German population and he and his kind provide the strongest assurance that Germany is likely to remain a republic, and

JOSEF WIRTH

The German Prime Minister

that the monarchy's house of cards is not apt to be set up again. The Germans themselves show this in their treatment of him; they like him but he is of such a familiar type that they don't consider him.

They give him a palace to live in where he slides around like a pea in an empty market basket. They provide a soldier to guard his palace and a carriage in which to take the air. But as he passes, solitary, they do not look at him.

Why should they regard this middle-sized man with a leaning to corpulency, who does not understand formality, who does not pretend to intellectuality, who is, in fact, unpretentious in everything? He is friendly, amiable, obliging; he is fond of people and he is quite sure they will never hurt him. He is a political cipher.

But added to the figures that make up the revolution some words should be devoted to him, if only upon the strange anomaly that pushed this product of Heidelberg—the town, and not the university—through four turbulent years of war to the front line of politics. How he was called, this Bottom, to be the leader of the Social Democrats, how he was summoned in this capacity to the Chancellor's

throughout the country that prevented a reactionary movement when Erzberger was assassinated.

This spirit, when the animosities fostered by the war and encouraged by the wrangling of factions have yielded to the softening process of time will be more and more clearly seen to be the soul of the German revolution. It, rather than the political success of this or that party, knits the republic into unity and strength and promises it endurance. And while prophecy is seldom reliable, in this case circumstances more or less excuse it and make general the belief that the German Republic has come to stay.

If, when directed so wretchedly and along a losing path a nation was able to accomplish the great things done by Germany, how far may she not be expected to go when her head has emerged from the mists, and she sees and follows the right road?

The German workman before the war toiled and seemed contented, although he seldom had more than one meat ration per week. Now he has three or four, and in spite of politics, in spite of the fall of the mark, in spite of everything, he is the happiest workingman in the world to-day. Labour in Germany is restricted by law to eight hours a day un-

less the workers unite in petitioning for longer hours. When in Germany I kept count of the factories in which the workmen so petitioned, but gave it up when the thirtieth was reached because the movement seemed so general. This significant phenomenon is found nowhere else in the world. It spells increased production at a time when everywhere else production tends to diminish. Where else in the world are to be found workingmen who ask for added hours of work? This rare bird sings, it would appear, only in Germany.

The road of politics has been stonier than that of industry. Cabinet after cabinet, chancellor after chancellor bloomed for a day and next day was cut down like the grass. The Mueller, the Fehrenbach ministries, the "Make shift," the "Predicament" cabinets lasted only so long as their names would imply. Finally Josef Wirth of the Centrist or Clerical party became Chancellor. He had been Minister of Finance in the Baden Cabinet, a member of the Baden Diet and Centrist leader in South Germany. Also both in Mueller's and Fehrenbach's cabinets he had held the portfolio of Finance.

Therefore he came to the task of the Chancellor fully aware of the difficulties in store. He was not

a neophyte, nor a pessimist nor an optimist. He is besides, the youngest and most ambitious of the long line of post-war Chancellors. He took office in May, 1921, when no one else wanted it, with the expressed determination to carry out the terms of the London ultimatum.

Some years before the war, an intelligent American named Wile wrote "Men About the Kaiser"—a group picture of different personalities each contributing elements of power to the "All Powerful" monarch, as he was believed by them to be. These blossoms on the Prussian military plant showed it to be of a sturdy growth, and that it had wide-spreading roots. The war has cut off these blossoms and proved the plant to be of ill service to the German people. Have its roots been injured? Will it blossom again? It is still too early to say. But meanwhile the productive energy of the Teutonic stock has not been idle, a new plant has sprung up and perhaps from a consideration of its first group of blossoms we may venture to judge if the plant will be of permanent growth, and if that growth will benefit the Germany of to-morrow.

From the Germans now in the public eye, let us single out for observation Josef Wirth, the Chan-

cellor, Friederich Rosen, the Minister for Foreign Affairs up to a couple of months ago,—Hugo Stinnes, the apotheosis of enterprise in "big business,"—Max Warburg the banker, and last but perhaps most significant of all, Walther Rathenau. These men personify Germany's new position since the war, and perhaps if we sit down with them for awhile, we will rise with the conclusion that this group incarnates a spirit of better national promise than could ever have been expected from the men around and influencing the Kaiser. These new men are stationed around no dispenser of royal favour, but are standing for the conserving of Germany's present in such fashion as constructively to protect her future.

The reader will at once object; "but why include Hugo Stinnes in such a patriotic category?—is he not interested only in his own pocket?—can war profiteering in any land show so colossal a figure? —a man whose acquisitiveness refuses to specialise as do his prototypes in other countries. Newspapers by the dozens, mines, shipping lines, industrial enterprises in a score of fields—all are equally fish for his mighty net, he gathers them all in with a catholicity of taste that makes the aver-

age maligned plutocrat seem a contented fisherman on the banks of a small stream.

To all these questions "Yes" is a proper answer, but to them all collectively, so is "No." More than once in the months leading up to May 5, 1921, when in London the Allies fixed the amount of the German indemnity, was Stinnes to be seen aiding his none too stable government to carry on its negotiations and its work. True, he made much money out of the war, but also he has proved a great factor for stabilising business in many fields during the chaos that came with shattered government finance, a currency that dropped out of sight, vacillation in plans for taxation, and lack of public and private confidence.

Along with the news of Stinnes' profits came the assurance to smaller men that if he could be doing business so could they, and they went to work. Indeed, one of the most outstanding economic facts of Germany to-day is that everybody has gone to work. Any one who read the newspaper accounts describing Stinnes' alleged outrageous manner at the Aix la Chapelle conference, his domineering insistence upon his own indemnity plan, and his intolerance of conflicting opinions, naturally concluded that

here was the incarnation of the Prussian military spirit.

When I met the man in Berlin at the end of May, 1921, I was never so surprised in my life. Instead of the unreasoning bully, he appeared the quietest of men, with a pleasant blue eye. Strange looking he certainly is, for his closely cropped hair and beard are of exactly the same length all over his head and face—an even coating throughout of the same colour, as it were! And with it all so gentle and modest a manner and so simple a dress. No, said he, it was not fair to allege he had acquired three hundred newspapers, he personally owned only one outright, and although he had bought an interest in many stock companies it was rather to help straighten out their tangled affairs! As long ago as 1893 he founded a firm that now has thirty foreign branches. He spoke mostly, and convincingly, too, of the advantage he thought possessed by the German cartel or syndicate system for foreign trade over our trusts,—that by their method they conserved all the personal initiative in the various companies combining for some export purpose, and did not rely so much on centralisation as Americans do. He is well informed on labour

conditions, for it is estimated that the companies he controls employ 127,000 men! Obviously here was a novel human factor in German national advance—a type one could not imagine dangling around a Kaiser, for to such as he royal favour and high decorations mean nothing. The man's chief joy is clearly work, and as many hours of it per day as possible. Meals are an interruption, as one saw when Stinnes would slip downstairs to the Adlon restaurant from the upstairs suite where his inner working force is installed, swallow a hasty meal at strange hours, and hurry back to the only thing that interests him—work, and then more work!

When the Allies fixed the amount of their financial demands on Germany, and it became necessary to find some German who would sign the document accepting those terms, it was generally believed that whoever signed it would thereby commit political suicide, so unpopular at home would that act be. And this was believed just as firmly inside of Germany as outside, so when Josef Wirth undertook to form a Cabinet to carry forward business under this onerous document he was considered both at home and abroad a foolhardy soul whose

head would soon topple into the political waste basket.

When I saw the man a fortnight after he signed the fateful paper he seemed far from a moribund politician! Tall, heavily but powerfully built, with a faint reddish tint showing in moustache and hair, and with quick, eager eyes, he seemed properly placed in the splendid room at 77 Wilhelmstrasse looking out upon the great trees of the garden behind,—the room often paced by the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, who for so many years occupied this official residence. No, here was a man in the prime of life (he was born in 1879) a factor in international politics that would have to be counted with for some while to come. It is significant of the changed times that Chancellor Wirth is not Prussian, but comes from south Germany, having been born in Baden.

My interview with the Prime Minister was fixed for one o'clock in the day. On calling at that hour I was received at 77 Wilhelmstrasse by Haniel von Haimhausen with the remark:

"You are doubtless surprised to see me here, after leaving me earlier this morning at the Foreign Office, but it is an old rule of the Empire, carried over

and observed by the Republic, that the Chancellor may not talk with a foreigner unless a representative of the Foreign Office be present."

At the time of our interview Wirth, as head of a newly formed Cabinet, was of course chiefly concerned in gathering new elements of strength, for it was then generally believed that his continuance in power would depend upon obtaining aid from the powerful parliamentary bloc called the Deutsches Volks Partei, representing what we would call "big business." For that reason he was interested to hear how chambers of commerce in the United States were beginning to study governmental policies, and how those groupings of the best trained business brains in each community were answering President Harding's summons to participate in politics; "more business in government and less government in business."

When I returned to Paris a few days later and told my French friends of the impression made on me by the German Chancellor, they were first amused and then incredulous, but as the weeks went on, and he skilfully weathered one parliamentary storm after another, a study of his past revealed many reasons for his present success. As a stu-

dent, and later as a professor of economics and mathematics at Freiburg Realgymnasium, he laid a sound basis fitting him excellently to hold the portfolio of Finance first in Mueller's Cabinet, then in Fehrenbach's, and lastly in his own. He is a convincing public speaker, not only in parliamentary debate but also on the hustings.

He is a Roman Catholic, a follower of Erzberger, and it is well to remember that the Roman Catholics of Germany possess more of an international point of view than do the Protestants. Membership in the former church carries with it a recognition that there exist abroad other units of the same order, and this makes for a broader outlook than that of most German Lutherans.

I spent some weeks in 1914, just preceding the war's outbreak travelling about Germany collecting notes for a proposed book on their ancient stained glass, and as an American Protestant was surprised to find that the Lutheran churches were almost always locked and therefore gave no opportunity for meditation in the house of God which most American churches invite. Even when open for service the Lutheran churches (mostly in north Germany), seem to attract but small attendance.

The number of churches I visited on my quest was of course considerable, so I was left with an unfavourable impression of Protestant vigour in Germany. Just after the war I spent some months in Japan, and its thronged temples and pilgrimage shrines caused one to wonder if a religion so woven into the daily life of the people, making for frequent reflection upon things spiritual rather than upon those material, is not finer than a religion of locked sanctuaries during the week and sparse congregations on Sundays.

And later when I visited Louvain and Rheims, and also saw the hacked fruit trees of France's devastated regions and the almost obliterated sites of her carefully destroyed factories, again I compared the Japanese thronging of sacred places with the locked Protestant temples of Germany! Japan, like Germany, fosters a dangerous military party, but Japan's religious antidote seems more active.

Chancellor Wirth has been fated more than once to find himself in positions requiring quick thinking and even quicker action. After the revolution broke out in Berlin, he started home for Baden. He stopped on the way at Carlsruhe and to inform

himself on matters at home telephoned on to a friend to ask how things were going.

"You ought to know better than I, because yesterday you were appointed Finance Minister of Baden!"

This was the first Wirth had heard of his appointment, but he tackled the job and succeeded with it. In the same abrupt and unsought fashion came his selection as German Chancellor. Whether he continues long in power or after awhile is superseded, at least it must be said that in a great national crisis, Germany produced a man of courage and preparation who carried faithfully into effect the announcement made on taking office that he would carry out in full what Germany had signed. The sooner Germans realise that, for the outside world, these words benefited their credit more than any others spoken in Germany since July, 1914, the quicker will their national psychology get back into step with the rest of us.

Dr. Friederich Rosen, lately Minister for Foreign Affairs, taken from the German Legation at the Hague to fill that post, and long trained in diplomacy at Bagdad, Jerusalem, Abyssinia, Algeciras, Teheran, etc., typified the use which the

new German republic wisely made of trained men; it did not, like some new republics, discard everything of an older régime as untimely. With no trace of accent in his English but speaking like a Londoner, this German expert in Oriental languages talked not as I expected of international affairs so much as of the domestic need of rallying to the new government the support of new elements of political strength. Even more than Wirth, did Rosen seem interested in gaining the support of the great commercial interests. His remarks on foreign affairs were chiefly to the effect that if the Allies made things so difficult that home support could not sustain this government, then the present one would be succeeded by another even less capable of carrying out the terms imposed in London.

Neither from him nor from any other well-informed German does one hear any hint of Bolshevism overrunning Germany. That nonsense is reserved for certain yellow journals and their credulous readers. Germans are too well educated to be led away by the economic sophistry of men like Lenin and Trotzky. The Prussian military group used bolshevism as a war-weapon to overwhelm il-

literate Russia, and it succeeded beyond their fondest hopes, but in Germany such a propaganda would wither up. They know it, and do not waste their own time nor that of foreigners of average intelligence by trying to make that ghost walk!

Before leaving Rosen it may be remarked that he was included in the first Wirth cabinet because he incarnated the old State craft of the German Foreign Office, and Chancellor Wirth considered that necessary for the functioning of the new Republic. When the Wirth cabinet was reconstructed Rosen was dropped and the Chancellor himself took the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs. This means that Dr. Wirth came to feel that the Republic could stand alone and no longer needed the old Wilhelmstrasse traditions.

The Roman Catholic is not the only faith that makes for an international mind. So does that of the Jews, and the strength of their faith has suffered the advantage (if one may venture an Irish bull) of centuries of persecution. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and of no faith is that truer than of the Jewish, and especially in their grasp upon matters international. The new German republic recognises this fact, and chief

among the Jews now aiding it is Max Warburg, head of a banking house that has existed 123 years in Hamburg. He maintains intimate relations with his brother Paul Warburg of New York, to whom American banking owes so much of the early success and functioning of our Federal Reserve system, and who is now rendering almost as great a national service in founding our first bank exclusively for acceptances.

Max Warburg, thanks to his blue-grey eyes, has a gentler expression than Paul's piercing black ones will permit, but the same trained banker's brain lies behind both. Nor is the present German crisis the first one that Max Warburg's Hamburg firm has helped its government to meet. It is told that when Napoleon wished to ensure the payment of an indemnity fixed by him upon Hamburg, he seized a member of the Warburg firm of that day. The other members, more interested in their city than their family, sent the conqueror word to please retain their partner as long as he liked, for they were glad to be rid of him, anyway!

Max Warburg has been one of the most indefatigable of Germany's bankers in his efforts to assist in its difficult task of obtaining the cash needed

for the heavy payments fixed by the Allies. He seeks neither political preferment nor reward, but, although he protests he has no influence in governmental circles, one is not long in Berlin before learning that his counsel is sought and relied upon in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Money making is not the only idea of this unusual banker, for when the old Russian government showed its unwillingness or inability to check the Jewish pogroms, he deliberately resigned as fiscal agent for Russia, though that meant losing millions in agency commissions. The Soviet government of that country not only recognises the Jews but is largely in their hands, so he is one of many Germans now advocating closer business relations with Russia and aid in the reconstruction of that hideously plagued land.

But that way lies the danger for southern and western Europe—a combination between the unlimited agricultural possibilities and huge population of Russia with the industry and organising ability of Germany. Germans insist that France is forcing on this combination by giving German territory in the northeast and in Upper Silesia to an unstable Poland, already over enlarged by a

piece torn from Russia's side. But good or bad as that argument may be, there we have the danger to the peace of Europe—a combination of German energy with the Russian resources and man-power. As an American interested in Polish independence, it is unpleasant to record that nowhere in Europe outside of France does one find any belief in the continuance as a separate state of the new Poland.

And now for the fifth and last personality of the group we have selected to personify the new post-war Germany, Walther Rathenau. Son of an influential father of the same name, his predecessor as head of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft (an economic colossus resembling our General Electric Company), this business magnate of fifty-four, a well known writer on public topics, decided at last to enter "practical politics," and at 6.15 P. M., May 28, 1921, accepted a Cabinet position as Minister of Reconstruction under Chancellor Wirth.

I have no difficulty in remembering that date because by a freak of fate I spent with him, upon his invitation, the last half hour before he drove to the Ministry of Justice to report acceptance of governmental responsibility. Grave, practical, hard-

headed he certainly was, but withal courteous-minded, not only in discussing Germany's position with a foreigner who had not viewed the war's causes from his angle, but thoughtful even of future associates and their possible divergence of views, for he qualified his positive statements by "please remember I am speaking as of Saturday afternoon while still a private individual, and not as of to-morrow, when, as an official, my views must be affected by the majority opinion of the Cabinet I am entering."

Most explicit was his insistence that this Cabinet be regarded abroad as one devoted to complete fulfilment of the terms signed and accepted by Germany in London on May 5th. Proud of his father's good name, known as well in America as at home for strict compliance with the contracted word, he believed, said he, in as scrupulous performance of government agreements as is required in the higher business circles where his father and he had gained their training. From the same schooling came both his impatience of official red tape, and also that love of direct dealing, man to man and face to face, soon to be evidenced in his Wies-

baden meetings with Loucheur, the French Minister likewise concerned with reconstruction.

Later, when reading his remarkable book, "In Days to Come," dedicated "To my Father's Memory" and which "treats of material things, but treats of them for the sake of the spirit," much became clear which in an interview of less than an hour had seemed incredibly progressive when spoken by a conservative business man of such weighty commercial responsibilities as he had borne.

Rathenau believes that work is "life's finest privilege," and that "whoever squanders labour, labour-time, or the means of labour, is robbing the community." Although so earnest in his desire to spiritualise the conditions surrounding labour and expand labour's opportunities as sometimes to be dubbed a socialist, he does not believe in socialism for, says he, it "leads from the earth to the earth, its most intimate faith is revolt, its strongest force is a common sentiment of hatred, and its ultimate hope is earthly well-being,"—it "has never got beyond the search for immediate relief," instead of hitching its wagon to the star of ultimately wider improvement of social conditions.

The newspaper-reading public everywhere

rubbed its eyes with surprise the morning it read that the new German Minister of Reconstruction began his maiden speech in the Reichstag by reciting France's war losses in men, in money, and in destroyed homes over her entire northeastern border! And yet they need not have been so surprised by those manly admissions had they noticed in his writings such statements as "Prussia has not since the death of Frederick the Great produced a single statesman of European proportions," or "a grave defect is that we are not free from the spirit of servility towards superiors and haughtiness towards inferiors."

After years of hearing ceaseless repetition of Deutschland's claim to be "über Alles," there come like fresh air from the uplands his words, "I do not believe in our right to guide the destinies of the world. Nor do I believe that any other nation possesses such a right. We have no right to decide the destinies of the world, for we have not learned to guide our own destinies. We have no right to force our modes of thought and feeling upon other civilised nations."

And this is from a practical man, who although he believes in monarchical government, conditions

this upon constant effort by the monarch to conduct "a people's state," the demand for which in Germany he asserts to be "timely and inevitable."

"No one," says he, "can be a statesman unless he bears or has borne creative responsibility"—and to this it is fair for an American to reply that such a man is Rathenau himself. He has turned from great commercial affairs and has put his hand to the political plough. Perhaps he may not remain long in this Cabinet—certainly he will withdraw if it wavers from its pledge completely to fulfil Germany's May 5th agreement with the Allies. But in any event it seems safe to predict that either as head of some Cabinet department or later of the Cabinet itself, he will continue to devote his trained mind and ideals to the service of "a people's state" in Germany. To any one who has been privileged to meet all the leading Ministers of Europe during that trying reconstructive period known as A. D. 1921, there will be no doubt that Walther Rathenau belongs in the same class with Lloyd George, Briand, and Venizelos to which, by the way, we have seen that Lloyd George would add Giolitti.

Those who have Germany's future most at heart, as well as those who loathe the brutal scars of Prus-

sian militarism left on Belgium and northeastern France may both find satisfaction in a consideration of this group of five powerful human factors in the Germany of 1921. Taken together they spell out a nationality very different from the group around the Kaiser in the days when it cheered the rattle of his sabre and beckoned on "Der Tag" that was going to make the Kultur of one country lord it over all others. From the body politic of the same nation that blossomed in the Kaiser's clique, there has come forth a new type, just as resolute in purpose and certainly just as German, but now at last we see leaders willing and able to consider the viewpoint of other nations, a vast change from the ingrowing Prussian psychology that produced a national megalomania, inciting to war and foredoomed to defeat.

CHAPTER IV: THE LOW COUNTRIES AND THEIR COLONIES

CHAPTER IV

THE LOW COUNTRIES AND THEIR COLONIES

CARTON DE WIART, the Belgian Prime Minister, and Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek, the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, have both recently attained international significance after years of well appreciated service in their respective homelands. These two citizens of the Low Countries afford as interesting contrasts as do Belgium and Holland, for the Belgian (a fine, large, upstanding man) is sturdier than is usual with the French type so largely represented in Belgium, while the Hollander (slender and of medium stature) is built on finer lines than one expects to see in his country.

Carton de Wiart sprang into international fame when it became known to the outside world that his hand penned the first draft of gallant King Albert's refusal of the insolent German ultimatum that their armies be permitted to march across Belgium and attack France upon her northeasterly

frontier left defenceless by her reliance upon the sacred obligation of a signed treaty.

As for Jonkheer van Karnebeek, it was in September, 1921, that he first attracted the world's notice by his selection as President of the League of Nations Congress at Geneva, which selection he so amply justified by his fair, tactful, and able handling of that difficult task. The international prestige thus gained by these two Lowlanders is not in the case of either of them a plant of sudden growth, for we shall presently see how long years of political service at home fashioned them both into blades of tempered steel, fit for any combat at home or abroad. Van Karnebeek, now a man of ripe middle age, was never keenly partisan in politics, but won recognition by his successful administration of the trying duties of Burgomaster of the Hague, that neatest and cosiest of European capitals.

The Dutch Foreign Office is a substantial building of modest size on one side of the small and busy square called the Plein, the city's heart, from which lead out and back again its arteries of tram lines. This Foreign Office looks more like an ample private dwelling than any of its European prototypes,

To George C. H. Sherrill

In remembrance

Marmeley

and the Minister's private room at the back looks out upon a small courtyard, just as any lover of de Hoogh's or Teniers' pictures of Dutch domestic life would expect. The neat simplicity of the Minister's office, too, is typically Dutch, and so is the simple directness of his speech. Although his preparation for the portfolio of Foreign Affairs would seem to have been gained mostly in municipal affairs, it must not be forgotten that many of the Hague streets are named after distant colonial possessions, and that its sturdy stay-at-home citizens invest constantly in those colonies more readily and amply than do their peers in other nations: this means constant touch by the municipality with the outside world and a demand for its latest news, especially if that news touches commercial interests. Furthermore, van Karnebeek comes rightfully by his interest in and knowledge of foreign affairs, for his delightful old father, now 94 years of age, was once Minister for Foreign Affairs and is still active as President of the Carnegie Peace Palace, the noble central home for international good understanding presented to the world by Andrew Carnegie—that American of surpassing vision.

Just as the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs learned well the lessons of the nest before trying his wings in affairs international, so, too, did the Belgian Prime Minister. From his earliest days in politics Carton de Wiart's chief interests have always been along lines of improving social conditions at home, notably by extending the suffrage to women and by government protection of and aid to children. He has always urged that the weaker elements in the body politic deserve the chief attention and support of government, for the stronger ones can take care of themselves. It was he who upon the advice of his charming wife (most industrious in good works) introduced Children's Courts into Belgium, for she had studied their success in separating the childish offenders of New York from the hardened criminals gathered into its criminal courts.

Carton de Wiart's commanding figure and impressive carriage typify both the resolute war record of valiant Belgium and also his own espousal of equal political rights for women and protection of children. I had the honour of lunching with him in his Ministry during August, 1921, and it was at this luncheon that the very first Belgian woman to

be appointed Mayoress, a gentlewoman 84 years old, had her selection confirmed by the Prime Minister. That this act should fall to the lot of so valiant a champion of equality for women before the law struck me as most appropriate. It is also appropriate that as Prime Minister of a country so deeply concerned in the rehabilitation of the ravages of war, he should hold the portfolio of Minister of the Interior.

He and almost all his cabinet colleagues are housed in a series of substantial Ministries which flank the Palais de la Nation (housing the Senate and Chamber of Deputies) and run along one side of the rue de la Loi and face the Park. They afford as handsome and complete a series of structures as are used for this purpose anywhere in Europe, but are much more uniform. Only on the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin does one find such a useful propinquity of Cabinet ministries, and even there they stretch along both sides of the street, nor are they so uniform, so effective in appearance nor so adequate for their purpose as are those in Brussels.

Both Carton de Wiart and van Karnebeek have able colleagues, the latter in his Prime Minister

Ruys de Beerenbrouk, and the former in Jaspar, the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is said of Jaspar, and that, too, in many European capitals, that during all the negotiations at Versailles, and also throughout the long series that have followed that match-making of minds, no statesman has proved himself so usefully fertile of proper expedients to permit dislocated international machinery to resume its operations. There is no greater compliment than to say that a man has a brain that can help others out of trouble, and Jaspar has time and again earned that compliment to the full.

Van Karnebeek's colleague, Jonkheer Ch. J. M. Ruys de Beerenbrouk was born in Roermond, December 1, 1873, educated as a lawyer at the University of Leyden, and is a member of the Catholic party. After practising law at Maastricht, he became a member of its City Council and later Governor of the province of Limburg. He and van Karnebeek both took office the same day, September 9, 1918, just as the war was drawing to a close and therefore when new difficulties were being added to the burden of old ones already harassing the government of Holland. They "played safe"

for a few months, and thereby gained a reputation for weakness, especially when the Allies began clamouring for the Kaiser to be delivered over to them, and when Belgium urged the cession to her of the province of Limburg to "rectify" her frontier.

Suddenly the entire situation was changed and the Government saved by van Karnebeek's making a strong speech in the Dutch Parliament definitely refusing to give up Limburg. The entire country rallied to the Cabinet's support, and then van Karnebeek took another definite stand, this time by refusing to surrender the Kaiser, basing his refusal on carefully studied legal grounds. This not only met with wide domestic approval but also gained him and his Cabinet colleagues respect abroad. Since then there has been little serious trouble for the Cabinet until the summer of 1921, but when de Beerenbrouk then offered his resignation, he was requested again to head the government, which he consented to do.

Few Americans realise that the two small countries of Belgium and Holland have both of them large colonial possessions, and also that their colonial policies afford as striking a contrast as do their

statesmen whom we have just been considering. In the first place, the Dutch were among the earliest of colonisers, for their holdings in the East Indies date from 1602. For nearly two centuries the Dutch East India Company managed those far-away islands, but in 1798 the Company was dissolved, the home government took over their possessions and have ever since then been in supreme control of their colonies. As opposed to this ancient colonial system of the Dutch, the Belgians are the latest of all the powers to enter the colonial field.

While lunching with the Belgian Prime Minister Carton de Wiart in August, 1921, he told me the whole fascinating story of how the late King Leopold came to have the vision that interest in foreign possessions would broaden the outlook of his people, and of how he led them on step by step to the realisation of his dream for them. His efforts began early in the fourth quarter of the last century, and the Belgians, responding to his enthusiasm, so increased their interest and influence in the Congo region of Africa that in 1908 took place the official annexation of the district, a step which for some years theretofore had been obvious. Dur-

ing the early years of the Belgian occupation of the Congo, a number of abuses crept in, but those have been long since abolished. It is only fair to comment that at the beginning of colonial government by any and all of the European powers there were serious abuses prevalent which required correction. Unfortunately for the Belgians, the childish diseases of their colonial development received unpleasant notoriety because they occurred at the end of the nineteenth century, better equipped with newspapers and cable news than the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when their stronger European neighbours suffered from similar "growing pains."

And now for some facts about these colonies of the two Low Countries. Each of these two kingdoms, with a small home population of only about 7,000,000 have very restricted territory along the shores of the North Sea, and both are hemmed in by powerful neighbours rendering futile any hope of continental expansion. Everybody knows how vastly larger are the British colonial possessions than are the British Isles, but very few of us realise that the Belgian Congo is eighty times the size of Belgium, or that the Dutch East Indies are six-

ty-five times larger than Holland. Equally surprising are the huge populations of those distant colonies. In the Pacific Ocean the Dutch have 47,000,000 subjects, all living near the equator, and if one follows that line around to the other side of the world he will come to the Belgian Congo with 15,000,000 African blacks living under Belgian rule. It is significant that neither Holland nor Belgium require either powerful navies or great armies to keep those millions under control, which would seem to indicate fair treatment of their subject peoples.

White rule of the vast Belgian Congo, a district stretching all the way from mighty Lake Tanganyika in the heart of Africa to the Atlantic Ocean, began under favourable auspices, for the pioneer was no slave trader or other exploiter for gain of savages' suffering—it was Stanley, a white man in every sense of the word. It was his lead that the Belgians followed. After the initial experiences of unsatisfactory character to which we have referred, reforms were demanded and reforms came, but the most promising fact connected with those reforms was that the then heir apparent, now King Albert, Belgium's splendid war hero, trav-

elled from one side of the vast Congo world to the other—thereby acquiring a personal and wide knowledge of its problems which especially equips him to command the development of his nation's colonial policy.

The Congo Museum, just outside Brussels, is an amazingly complete exhibit of products of all the different districts of the colony, of native life, of navigation of the magnificent rivers which facilitate transportation throughout,—all is there. But it is rapidly becoming a Museum of yesterday, and tells of a passing epoch. It does not show clearly enough that large sections of the Congo upland are a white man's country, and that its development as such promises best for its natives and for its owners alike. Already, as a result of contact with white civilisation, the huts of the blacks are becoming improved dwellings, and thus are rendering obsolete the extensive display of hut life in the Brussels Museum. One sees nothing there to tell that every part of the Belgian Congo, a tract as large as all Europe excluding the Hispanic peninsula, is so connected by wireless stations that a message sent from Belgium reaches the heart of the Dark Continent next day. It is the to-day and

the to-morrow of their Congo that the Belgians ought to advertise to the world, not the passing scenes of yesterday. Even on Lake Tanganyika hydroplanes have become a familiar sight to the natives, who call them the males and females of the white man's Wonder Bird. One of their chiefs, when asked to tell how he could distinguish their sex, replied, "Watch them when they are alighting: the male is the bolder, and always goes first to select a landing place for the female."

Vastly more important than the introduction of airplanes and wireless telegraphy into Darkest Africa, is Belgium's suppression of the slave trade and reduction of infant mortality. Instead of attempting to force upon the natives some newfangled system of government, bewildering even if bettering them, they are seeking to improve the long existing tribal government by chiefs. To that end they have established a school where the sons of the Congo chiefs are taught practical methods of improving the living conditions of the tribes they will one day rule. The Belgians even recognise and support certain chieftainesses, and they did this before the recent advance in women's political rights throughout Belgium, in which latter cause Carton

de Wiart laboured so stoutly. For this reason it is particularly appropriate that he should have become the presiding genius in a Cabinet controlling the destinies of 15,000,000 African blacks, with all that means of opportunity to benefit weak and helpless humanity in the Dark Continent.

Handsome dividends have recently rewarded Belgium for her improved colonial policy in the Congo. When the war ended and she was confronted with an immediate need of raw products and material to reconstruct her sadly devastated homeland, she drew upon her great self-supporting colony, and these drafts were honoured in shipload after shipload of Congo products. Even greater rewards lie ahead in the iron mines of Katanga and its hundreds of highly mineralised copper deposits, the diamond mines of Kasai, the coal veins near Lake Tanganyika, and best of all, in the great rolling upland plains destined for enormous agricultural development.

In the development of the Congo the Belgians welcome foreign co-operation and investment. In this field certain Americans have already taken the initiative, and for other Americans who will follow their lead great opportunities are opened.

This Belgian policy of welcoming foreign co-operation in the development and exploitation of their colonies differs widely from the Dutch policy in regard to theirs. The Hollanders, to quote the blunt words of one of their colonial magnates, "prefer to milk their own cows." Of course it is nobody's business but their own if they decide to exclude foreign capital from all countries alike, but at present it seems to many American investors that they are not receiving the treatment accorded to the nationals of certain other countries in the Dutch East Indies.

Minister van Karnebeek talked very freely and frankly upon this question, although of course he protested against the idea that Americans were not receiving fair treatment. He pointed out that there was a marked difference between the pre-war reluctance of the Germans financially to back their own colonial exploitation, and the long standing custom of Hollanders freely to participate in the profitable businesses of Java and Sumatra, and likewise to reinvest their comfortable profits in the same or similar enterprises. He gave a convincing defence of the Dutch requirement that foreign capital invested in Holland's colonies must be in

companies controlled by Dutchmen having a majority in the board of directors. "So small a people as we are must be careful to protect ourselves," said he, and the history of Holland, especially during the long years of Spanish rule, shows that a desire for self-protection has become inbred in Dutchmen. That protection in their East Indies must be sought in business shrewdness and not in force, for their administration of 47,000,000 subject peoples is conducted with a naval force of less than 2,500 men, and a military one of only 40,000, three-quarters of the latter being native volunteers. Very fortunately our present administration at Washington is actively concerning itself on behalf of all fair claims by our nationals to participate in foreign trade everywhere, so that at last our merchants of enterprise are receiving the same governmental backing abroad that England has long accorded to her exporters.

The East Indies are not the only colonies that Holland possesses, for they have others in the West Indies. The shrewd business judgment of the average Dutchman is proverbial, but when we read that in 1667 they traded New Amsterdam to the English in exchange for Dutch Guiana (or Suri-

nam, as they call it), our confidence in Dutchmen as traders receives a jolt! It is only fair, however, to comment that this exchange was not entirely a voluntary one, for military necessity played a considerable part therein. Both Surinam and Curaçao, two groups of three small islands each, are not profitable colonies for Holland, indeed they show a considerable annual deficit, but perhaps they may some day afford a means for ironing out the misunderstanding recently caused by certain American enterprises receiving less consideration than other foreigners in the Dutch East Indies. And how?—

In our French chapter we mentioned the desirability that the Caribbean Sea should become a Pan-American lake, and gave reasons therefor. We intimated that France would greatly please a wide American public if they followed Denmark's lead by selling us their West Indian possessions. Why should not Holland take this very step, and thereby receive a money payment materially reducing her debt incurred by four years of war mobilisation? It would be an operation as pleasing to her taxpayers as it would be to our people, and any trade that benefits both sides is not only good business but also sound international patriotism.

CHAPTER V: SCANDINAVIAN PROBLEMS

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MUCH has been said and written of the World War's effect on Continental Europe and the British Isles, but next to nothing about Scandinavia's changed status due to the same cause. Before the war Sweden was ever confronted with danger of Russian invasion on her eastern front, and Denmark was still suffering from the seizure of the Schleswig agricultural lands on her southern boundary, the first fruits of Bismarck's grouping of a Pan-German bloc shortly to become, under his aggressive leadership, the German Empire. Norway had developed a splendid merchant marine with a tonnage exceeding three million, for which, however, she badly needed coal. Then the war broke out. Even though Denmark, Sweden, and Norway took no belligerent part in the great struggle, they could not entirely escape its destruction.

All three of these northern kingdoms suffered from submarines and floating mines, Norway worst of all, for she lost 1162 seamen and a half of her pre-

war shipping. On the credit side of the balance, in the matter of cold cash, the citizens of all three nations benefited by their position as neutrals, with the result that the profiteers of Scandinavia are noticeably abroad in the land. Furthermore, although nonparticipants in the fighting, two of those northern nations actually gained territory, Norway by the Paris treaty of February 9, 1920 receiving the rich coal fields of Spitzbergen, theretofore No-Man's Land, while for Denmark came a solution of the old Danish Duchies question by the Allies' return to her (confirmed by the 1921 plebiscite) of Northern Schleswig, taken by Bismarck in 1864. Together with this territory, half again as large as Rhode Island, she receives an added population of nearly two hundred thousand, a comfortable addition to her three million and forty-nine thousand. Norway's two and a half million gained no addition from the Spitzbergen annexation. Such was the appreciation showed by the Allies for the benevolent neutrality of those two countries.

But Sweden was, on the whole, pro-German, perhaps not so much from preference for the German side of the struggle, as because for cen-

Hj. Branting
Stockholm

turies she constantly dreaded the Russian giant on her eastern frontier and could see only the promised friendship of Germany as a help in case of need. We outsiders may not dread the sword of Damocles, but we must not expect Damocles to forget what is constantly hanging over his head! How could the Swedes be expected to side openly with the French nation which had entered into such close relations with the dreaded Muscovite, relations both governmental and also financial, through Russian loans bought widely by the French, peasant and banker alike. The history of Russia is nothing but a long series of absorptions of frontier neighbours, and how could a small nation like the 6,000,000 Swedes resist 170,000,000 Russians if and when their growing demand for an outlet upon the North Sea became insistent? For do not forget that Sweden is not only a Baltic power, but also possesses the fine ice-free port of Göteborg, looking out westerly across the North Sea.

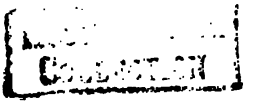
As a result of the war Sweden has actually lost territory, for a Commission appointed by the Allies adjudicated the Alaand Islands to the newly erected free state of Finland, notwithstanding the fact that those islands are inhabited by 27,000 pure-

blooded Swedes who in a plebiscite voted almost unanimously (95 per cent) to be incorporated with Sweden. Furthermore, they are only seventy-five miles as the crow flies from Stockholm, the capital and heart of Sweden, which could with the Big Berthas of modern artillery be bombarded from the Alaands. The argument that the 9 per cent of the Finnish population who are Swedes approve this allotment of islands to Finland falls to the ground when we reflect that this slender minority would naturally welcome the addition of the 27,000 Swedes inhabiting those islands. Sweden, all of Sweden, feels this decision keenly; it is a blow to her pride as well as a danger to her capital.

At first glance, therefore, it would seem that although Norway and Denmark gained by the Allies' victory in the war, Sweden the pro-German had lost;—but has she? Must it not be counted as a great gain for her that at last, by the collapse of Russia, the ages-long peril on her eastern border has been eliminated? And if and when Russia casts off the hideous spell of Bolshevism and becomes once more a great power, even then is not Sweden guaranteed against a Muscovite swoop by the buffer state of Finland, a compact body of

3,500,000 souls, progressive and well educated? Has not Sweden thus gained, at no cost but the Alaand Islands blow to her pride, that very security for her future which is the one thing France is still seeking and must have? The Eastern Front Nightmare has been laid for Sweden, but not so for France, complete victor though she was in the greatest war of all history. This Russian peril, so dreaded in Sweden, was also a menace to Norway, for if Sweden were overrun by Cossack hordes, her westerly neighbour would not have escaped invasion. Some Norwegians, notably their great leader Gunnar Knudsen, have always poohpoohed this danger, but not so most of the Norse folk. So much for the territorial changes brought by the war to Scandinavia.

And now for a further comment upon the Russian peril, which will reveal still another change due to the war. This peril existed by sea as well as by land because Russia possessed a powerful fleet, but the Russian debâcle of 1917 completed what the Japanese victory of Tsushima Straits began—the elimination of Russia as a naval menace in the Baltic. Nor does that fact alone finish the story of the war's effect upon that large inland sea, for



it also reduced the German naval force to insignificant proportions. No longer will the Kiel Canal serve as a naval shuttle to shift the powerful German home fleet from the North Sea to the Baltic or vice versa. No, the Baltic is freed from overpowering naval control by Russia or Germany, and has become an international lake somewhat like the Mediterranean.

The delivery of the German fleet to the Allies at Scapa Flow restored for Sweden and Denmark the equilibrium of the Baltic, but Sweden needs a triple equilibrium,—Baltic, Scandinavian, and European. All three seem achieved, but unfortunately Sweden has for a long time been in the bad books of France which now dominates the European equilibrium. Doubtless Sweden will seek to remedy this, and given the intelligence of her leaders and the fact that her able and widely popular King is the great-grandson of the French Marshal Bernadotte, the end desired should surely be attained. Nor would such an adjustment be entirely one-sided. France has shown by her interest in Poland and the so-called Petite Entente countries of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia, how greatly she values friends upon the

eastern and southern borders of Germany, and why is it not logical that she should follow the same policy upon the north of her late foe, and realise the usefulness of a Swedish friendship? And no one can deny that the French mind is the most logical of any in Europe.

And now let us consider the post-war points of view of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, first upon foreign affairs, and then upon their domestic problems. In no other part of the world will a traveller's preconceived notions receive such a jolt—such a rude awakening to an unexpected state of affairs—as when for the first time he visits Scandinavia. He will expect to find conditions and public opinion similar in all three countries. Not at all—they are basically quite different.

It is true that the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians are all of one family, that their languages are so similar as to be readily understood each one by both the others, and that they have many tastes and customs alike. But there it ends; they are all of one family, but because of Danish specialising in agriculture, of Swedish industrialism, and of Norwegian love for sea-trading, as well as by reason of their entirely distinct attitudes upon foreign af-

fairs, they are very dissimilar brothers. Picture to yourself three sons given a holiday to spend each as he prefers, and the Norwegian brother goes boatting, the Danish a-gardening, whilst the Swedish turns to mechanics. All are of the same family circle, but each has his own individual tendencies, which, however, in no wise make for disturbance of the family harmony. And the war has brought this family closer together, for one very significant result, frequently overlooked, is that from it has grown up a close inter-Scandinavian friendship not theretofore existing.

During the fighting, their position as neutrals naturally led to conferences (at Malmö and elsewhere) upon how that neutrality should be maintained, which in turn brought about plans to exchange certain products one had in plenty and the others, because of war blockades, lacked. Those conferences developed into an annual inter-parliamentary meeting to which each of the three parliaments elects from its own body twenty representatives, having due proportionate regard to the strength of its political parties. These meetings effect a number of useful purposes: postage within Scandinavia is fixed at half the charge to outside

countries, etc., etc. Above all, opportunity is given not only for their statesmen to become mutually acquainted but also to blow off steam upon any topic which for the moment may be causing annoyance. Steam never leads to explosions unless it is confined, which is even truer in politics than in dynamics.

I had occasion to remark a case in point, for I was in Copenhagen while one of these meetings was being held July 6, 1921, a few miles away. Its most discussed episode was the ringing speech of the Norwegian Storthing's president, Gunnar Knudsen, protesting against a further development of inter-Scandinavian relations. The Danes and even more so the Swedes hastened to explain to inquiring foreigners that those inter-nation relations were in no sense an alliance, not even an entente, but it was nevertheless clear they were both willing to be headed in the direction which the Norwegian opposed. He protested that Norway had had enough of union, and that it might as well be definitely understood that the present status of the inter-parliamentary council marked a point beyond which Norway would not go.

Was he perhaps remembering that Prussia (or

shall we say Bismarck?) constructed the German Empire of a customs union plus a common victory gained by its members against an outside foe? Be that as it may, no one can blink the fact that the very existence of these interparliamentary meetings has perhaps unwittingly brought into existence a Scandinavian Monroe Doctrine,—an unwritten defensive alliance that would unitedly oppose any seizure of Scandinavian territory by an outsider. And if ever a united front did become necessary against such a foe and a joint war cabinet were formed, it would seem as if its Minister of Marine would naturally come from Norway, its Minister of Agriculture from Denmark, and its Minister for Foreign Affairs from Sweden.

Knudsen's position will be explained by remembering that it was his party, the Radicals, that commenced in 1885 the agitation for separation from Sweden which they brought to success in the Karlstad agreement of September 25, 1905. The sensible and decent way in which Sweden assented to that secession of Norway displays one of the finest moments of Scandinavian statesmanship, which was "self-determination" raised to the *n*th power. All nations should take notice of this

notable act by a proud people. With a population over twice that of Norway, and with far greater wealth, natural resources, and military power, Sweden accepted her neighbour's withdrawal, and that which a century of disputes had rendered inevitable, took place. And with what result?—there has come about a friendship between them, a spirit of mutual understanding and appreciation before impossible, and this has benefited and will continue to benefit both parties. Until 1905 the Scandinavian equilibrium was always in danger, but that crisis past, it is now as stable as that of the Baltic became by the reduction of Russian and German naval power.

The Swedes believe that these inter-parliamentary meetings would have been much strengthened by a participation of the Finns therein, but the unpleasantness occasioned by their accepting the Alaand Islands taken from Sweden has necessarily postponed this. Finland needs the co-operation of Swedish capital to develop her resources, which has also, for the same reason, been adjourned until the Greek Kalends. Notwithstanding the best efforts at the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations by Sweden's representatives, Count

Wrangel, the veteran diplomat, Branting, the hard-headed Socialist editor (and recently become Prime Minister), and Count Ehrensvaärd, leader of her pro-French opinion, a decision was rendered not only that deprives the Scandinavian interparliamentary meetings of a valuable factor, but also throws an apple of discord between Sweden and Finland who ought, for the peace of Europe, to be on the best of terms.

The foreign friendships of the three kingdoms are not and probably never will be the same. Norway is especially friendly to Great Britain and has no marked animosities in other quarters. Denmark is inclined to be self-centred in her friendship, but because of the Schleswig Holstein episode, has long been unfriendly to Germany, while Sweden, partly by reason of her centuries of Russian peril and partly through German propaganda, has come to count upon Germany's friendship and to be somewhat anti-English. Astute Germany used the Russian peril argument with the Swedes just as the Kaiser reiterated the Yellow Peril hint with us. And when the French made their alliance with Russia, how neatly that fitted into the German propaganda!

As for Scandinavia's attitude toward France, a clever Swede, Ivar Lagerwall, remarks that the Danes, with their esprit and vivacity, understand the French temperament, but that the Norwegians and Swedes are rather worried by it, just as a hen who sees ducklings taking to water cannot help wondering if they will not drown,—a feeling that they should not be allowed to indulge in such follies, but meanwhile fascinated by their enterprise!

Generally speaking, Scandinavia's point of view on world politics is as far removed as possible from the Welt Politik of the Prussian militarist. At the very time the latter was scheming to put Deutschland über Alles, the former (in 1905) were demonstrating how two combined kingdoms could separate in decent and self-respecting fashion, and national honour be safeguarded without recourse to arms! And Scandinavia has another and very timely lesson to teach. Is it not wiser policy to be a strong small power like Norway or Sweden than to be a weak large one like the new Poland? Would not those newly created countries of Europe, born at Versailles, do well to study the national attitude in this regard of the sturdy little kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden?

We may remark in passing that, after a fashion, Swedish and American points of view upon foreign affairs are similar. The subject incites but languid interest in both countries. Both of us are cut off by water from continental Europe. Very many more of us visit foreign countries than foreigners come to visit us. Neither of us desires territorial aggrandisement, and we are both willing to let well enough alone. We believe that small and large countries are entitled to exactly the same treatment regardless of their size—that their status is the same no matter what their stature;—so does Sweden.

Coming now to the consideration and conduct of their home affairs, differences between the countries are as noticeable as those we observed in their attitude in foreign affairs. In this regard it is perhaps enlightening to remark how different are the leading statesmen in each land, since such dignitaries are apt to be nationally typical. A man does not become Prime Minister or Minister for Foreign Affairs unless he possesses certain qualifications of thought and personality which appeal to his compatriots. In a sense therefore, perhaps without either he or they realising it, he is apt to

incarnate public opinion. In Denmark the Prime Minister, Mr. Neils Neergard, by his moderate Liberalism combined with a practical Socialism certainly typifies in excellent fashion the marked common sense everywhere evidenced in that land of co-operative agriculture; of him, more anon.

In Sweden where until the September, 1921, elections, there was so even a balance between the political parties that no one had sufficient working majority to undertake the responsibilities of government, the Prime Minister, Oscar von Sydow, frankly avowed that he was a member of no one political party, but only an administrative officer! His success as a judge, as Governor of the northern provinces, as Commissioner in boundary questions with Norway, and recently as Commissioner to supervise the Schleswig Holstein plebiscite, gained for him such wide public confidence that he was selected as the best type of non-political efficient to head a cabinet of balanced parties. Temperamentally he possessed the necessary poise for such a task, and in that regard he represented the Swedish national good sense so admirably displayed during the 1905 secession of Norway. After the autumn elections of 1921 went in favour of the Rad-

ical party, Hjalmar Branting was called to form a Cabinet and became Prime Minister, taking the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is not the first time that he has headed the Cabinet, and although a Radical, he is a sound and reliable one.

During a long talk I had with this veteran statesman in July, 1921, he spoke almost entirely of foreign affairs, and from his shrewd comments on current events outside Sweden, it was easy to see that he, an old editor, kept in constant touch through foreign newspapers with the swing of public opinion abroad. Even though he was then out of power, all the government officials with whom I talked, from the highest to the lowest, all said "on no account leave Sweden without meeting Branting!" They were evidently proud of him as a product of Swedish public life, and what is much more important, they trusted him. Most of these approving remarks came from men outside his party, which made them all the more significant. His pleasant manner, his frankness of speech, his fresh-coloured honest face, surmounted by a shock of iron grey hair, all tend to make for him friends at first sight.

When he took office he had just completed a very

useful service, representing his country at the League of Nations conference in Geneva, where he had an opportunity to freshen his contact with political leaders from all over Europe.

Otto Blehr, Prime Minister of Norway since Gunnar Knudsen, his party-mate, resigned in his favour in September, 1920, certainly personifies in truthful fashion the determined Radicalism so popular in that rugged country, and both he and Knudsen (long political associates) by their mature years and sturdy forms reflect the settled opinion and forward-faced enterprise inherited from Viking forebears.

As in these Scandinavian Prime Ministers, so, too, in their Ministers for Foreign Affairs, is local public opinion reflected and incarnated. Mr. Raested, the Norwegian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has had more experience therein than his appearance of early middle age would indicate. He is cautious of speech and of a simple pleasantness in conversation, during which he frequently recurs to how greatly Norway desires closer relations with the United States, and one is surely not long in Christiania before learning that in this respect the Minister is typically Norwegian. Mr. Harald

Scavenius, head of the Danish Foreign Office and formerly Minister to Russia, is the third of that name and family to hold that post in immediate succession. All three cousins are trained diplomats, but so far from constituting a political dynasty, they all differ in politics, Harald Scavenius being a Liberal, Erik Scavenius a Radical, while O. C. Scavenius, the first of the series (but now Director at the Foreign Office) has no political colour at all. The unusual spectacle of three men, all of the same name, succeeding each other in the same high office is in itself a demonstration of Danish insistence upon steady governmental progress regardless of changing phases in politics.

Branting's immediate predecessor in the Swedish Foreign Office was Count Wrangel. Trained to diplomacy as secretary in five Legations and as Minister in Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Petrograd, and finally for fourteen years in London, Sweden had in him not only a thoroughly well prepared Minister for Foreign Affairs but also one who by reason of long residence in London and his charming French wife, was so informed on both English and French points of view as to be especially well equipped to treat with those two victors

in the World War. The long connection of his ancestors with their country's government means that having an unusual grasp of the historical development of Sweden's point of view, he too personified to a marked degree her foreign policy.

Coming then through the personalities of their different Ministers to consider Scandinavian points of view, we find that interesting as are their attitudes upon foreign affairs even more so are they upon domestic development. From these latter we may learn much of immediate practical use for ourselves.

The middle man in America has become intolerable; if you doubt it, ask the housekeeper in any of our city homes, or, better still, question the farmer watching the undue profits of the middleman, not only reducing his own proper gain, but also interfering with the free transfer of farm products to the consumer so greatly needing them. And what are we going to do about it? Nowhere is the answer so fully and so promptly answered as in Denmark. Not only have its wise folk met and answered this question, but also they no longer need a "back to the farm" crusade for they are already back there, and likewise widely contented with the

farmer's lot. Furthermore, Denmark is to-day the only European country that not only feeds herself, but also exports food products. Co-operation among Danish farmers has cut out the middle man, and government loans to worthy men willing to take up small farms result in 90 per cent of her farmers owning their own land. Note the expression "worthy folk," for Denmark is developing character as a by-product of agriculture. By requiring proof of character in applicants for farm loans, the government has put such a premium thereon that even if for no higher reason than "honesty is the best policy," their farm loan system is proving of utmost value to the nation's soul.

A staunch advocate of this highly beneficial loan system is Prime Minister Neergard. Son of a Protestant clergyman and born in 1854, Mr. Neergard after a brilliant career at the University of Copenhagen, supplemented his work as editor and successful man of affairs by a keen interest in politics. As a result of a long career in Parliament, commencing in 1887, he has held several Cabinet positions, almost always serving, as now, as Minister of Finance. He calls himself a Moderate Radical, but his compeer in Norway, more radical

than he, points out that Neergard is frequently aided in his projects by conservative votes from the Centre and Right of Parliament. He was Prime Minister in 1908-9 and has again held that responsibility since May, 1920. In my conversation with this tall, gaunt statesman, whose convincing eyes and pleasant simplicity of manner detract from his otherwise striking resemblance to Bismarck, I remarked that it seemed to interested foreigners that his government had made of Denmark a "character farm." The idea seemed novel to him, and led to his telling in considerable detail the workings of their farm loan system. Because these loans are so easily obtainable by worthy would-be farmers and are available in such comfortable amounts (reaching 90 per cent of the land value in some cases), everybody mortgages his land, which means that the farmer operates with sufficient capital, not always the case with us. The continued and growing demand for these small farms maintains their value and ready salability, so that even if an occasional farmer fails, the government loses nothing on the mortgage loan. Owing to the careful farming of these small holdings, the land supports more than twice as many

people as in England. The frugality taught by farm life is reflected in the fact that 52 per cent of the Danes have deposits in savings banks, as against 11 per cent for us Americans.

It is doubtful if agricultural co-operation would succeed as it does in Denmark if the farmers were merely tenants, but there they are all freeholders and that means better citizens. A comparison between the self-reliant, well-to-do conditions prevalent upon Danish farms with the crowded slum life in our various cities is somewhat of a blow to American pride! Not only has this small farm movement turned the earlier swing toward the cities back again to the land, but also it has notably decreased Danish emigration, which proves that widespread content has replaced a condition of unrest.

A new law went into effect November 4, 1919, which is certainly novel and in a sense revolutionary, but which seems to be working well, although even the Prime Minister admits it is still too early to pronounce it a complete success. In the old days Denmark was divided into large estates, and, in the case of the nobles, so entailed that a nobleman could not sell any of it even if he wished to. This new law (acting upon the theory that as the Crown

originally granted all estates so the Crown can withdraw part or all of such grants) provides for the compulsory breaking of all entails, the confiscation of a quarter of all entailed estates, and the surrender of another one-third upon cash payment by the State. Although this brought forth vigorous protests from the large landed proprietors, government officials now feel that even with that class, it is becoming popular, as a man can to-day obtain money for land he was formerly forbidden to sell. Incidentally, this concession to the Socialist element has had a marked effect in freeing Denmark from Bolshevist agitation.

When we turn to observe the effect of agricultural co-operation upon Danish life, we are positively startled. In less than half a century, a quarter of a million Danish farmers have formed nearly half a million co-operative agencies to handle all their selling and buying. And with what result? Forty years ago the milk supply was in shocking condition and infant mortality deplorable. Now a co-operative society sends daily to each farm to collect the milk. It is weighed, and the weight credited to each farmer. Then it is sampled, and woe to the farmer whose milk falls below grade!

Lastly, it is prepared for market and delivered thereto. All the farmer has to do is milk his cows and receive his profits.

The effect of this careful handling of milk upon infant mortality has, of course, been to reduce it to negligible figures. The portion of the milk devoted to butter is never touched by hand after it leaves the cow. Denmark's butter exports have increased by leaps and bounds because there is no question of Danish butter being up to standard. Not only has the foregoing greatly increased their number of cows but also of pigs, which are fed on the milk waste. The same careful treatment of Danish eggs has produced a similar increase in that export trade. Every Danish egg sold has been tested and stamped with a number so that each can be traced back to the fowl which laid it, and likewise to the owner of the said fowl, over whose head constantly hang government penalties if an egg goes wrong! All meat exposed for sale must bear a government stamp as to its quality, and here, too, a co-operative society protects both the producer's profit and a reasonable price for the consumer, with refreshing disregard of middlemen. It is perhaps unnecessary to tell an American that farmers such

as these are accustomed to have telephones, surprising as this is to the average European agriculturalist. Also can we not guess that such farmers demand good schools? But it will surprise Americans to learn that punishment for truancy in Denmark is a reduction in the number of hours the truant may thereafter attend school! In order to aid those wishing to go out upon the land there are House-mothers' schools, where all details of housekeeping are taught. It is useless to have good food if it be not properly cooked, and the delicatessen shops of New York or Chicago do not train young wives for life on the farm!

Alongside the narrow Cattegat and Ore Sund, which are to the great shipping traffic streaming into and out of the Baltic what the Dardanelles are to the Black Sea, lies Copenhagen, one of the world's principal ports, more tonnage entering annually than in any of our ports except New York. Before the war its only rivals in northern Europe were Petrograd and Hamburg, both of which have obviously now fallen far behind. And how are the Danes taking advantage of this strategical position of their capital? Instead of spending vast sums on fortifications and battleships (I saw six war ves-

sels lying out of commission at Copenhagen!) they have constructed here an huge free port, into whose fifty acres of warehouses, goods may be landed free of duty from all parts of the world to await sale or transshipment elsewhere. When a ship is bound for the Baltic with, say 800 tons for Danzig, 400 for Petrograd, 1200 for Stockholm, and 1100 for Helsingfors, it does not pay to go unloaded from one port to another.

A port of transshipment is needed, and this Copenhagen provides. The Freeport Company issues warehouse warrants for goods entrusted to its care, and against these warrants loans are readily advanced by Danish bankers, thus greatly facilitating business. Because the Kiel Canal was chiefly built for military purposes, and also since slow steaming through it is obligatory, it has never rivalled the Cattegat as the chief lane of access to the Baltic, and has therefore never imperilled Copenhagen's commercially strategic position. Such is Denmark, and its value as an object lesson to patriotic Americans eager to better conditions at home is not exceeded by any other country abroad. We must not leave our consideration of this hospitable people without referring to the friendly feeling they

aroused throughout our country by selling us their West Indian Islands. Very widespread is our feeling that the Caribbean Sea should become a Pan-American lake, and that the mouth of our Mississippi River and of our Panama Canal should be completely freed from European control upon nearby islands. It is greatly to be hoped that Holland, France, and England will at no late date follow the example of Denmark, and likewise sell us their West Indian possessions. It would materially reduce the vast English and French war debts to us, and would relieve Dutch taxpayers of much of the cost incurred by their war-long mobilisation.

Although separated from Denmark only by the narrow waters of the Cattegat, Norway, its Scandinavian fellow, has domestic views of a widely differing sort. It looks out upon and across the sea, not only physically but mentally. Whilst studying the intensively agricultural Danes, it is difficult to realise that any of them were ever Vikings, or that they first ravaged and then settled the east coast of Britain. But once in Norway and in Christiania, one need not see the ancient Viking ships, marvellously preserved notwithstanding their age of 1100 years, to sense the sea-adventuring

spirit still so strong in every Norwegian breast. It is highly appropriate that Gunnar Knudsen, their strongest political leader, long time Prime Minister but now President of their Storthing or Parliament, should be a ship owner and builder as was his father before him. This vigorous veteran of politics, though born in 1848, is still all-powerful in Norway, and was, as we have seen, one of the leaders of that movement for a separation from Sweden begun in 1885 and successfully concluded in 1905.

The present Prime Minister, Mr. Otto Blehr, also of stout frame and of ripe years, and an expert in finance, is a contemporary and close personal friend of Knudsen, having long served with him in the Cabinet. Mr. Blehr is carrying out to the full the radical policies of Knudsen ever since the latter resigned office as Prime Minister in June, 1920, and Blehr succeeded him. It was highly gratifying to hear how each of those two men spoke of our institutions and our people, with whom they felt the war had brought Norway into closer relations.

Knudsen told a story of his meeting with ex-President Roosevelt during his visit to Christiania, which illustrates how influential were even a few

chance words from that illustrious American. It was during a dinner at the King's Palace that Knudsen told Roosevelt the Norwegian Radicals had recently lost the elections because they espoused the cause of conservation of the nation's natural resources to prevent untimely exploitation by individuals. "Why, that is exactly what I stand for most resolutely!" exclaimed Roosevelt. "May I quote you to that effect to the press?" asked Knudsen. Consent was readily given, he did so, and public interest in the distinguished American's opinion materially helped to bring Knudsen's party back into power on this principle, in which, he said, now all Norwegians unitedly believed.

To one travelling by train between Christiania and Stockholm, the fourteen-hour railway journey displays so many potential water power sites that one wonders why the Norwegians have not further exploited their "white coal," as it is sometimes called, especially as the country lacks coal badly. Can it be that the unlimited timber supply of Norway is waiting to be turned into lumber or pulp by some progressive American harnessing their water powers, just as the suburbs of London did not receive their excellent tramways until the energetic

and far-seeing Yerkes arrived? What better way to advance the friendly relations already so cordial between Norway and the United States, than for American enterprise thus to increase the natural wealth of Norway and so benefit her people?

The adventurous spirit of that Viking race still manifests itself, not only in shipping ventures but also in emigration. Upon this latter problem the Norwegians do not feel, as do the Swedes, that restriction is desirable. Knudsen expresses the opinion generally held by his compatriots that because there is at present lack of employment at home, it is well to seek it in friendly America where Norwegians are so well received and appreciated that they serve as apostles of better understanding between Norway and their new home. It was to the initiative and daring of Lief the Norseman, son of Eric the Red, that we owe the first discovery of America, and the more of his descendants that come to strengthen our Anglo-Saxon blood the better for the standard of citizenship in the United States of to-morrow.

Comment upon Norway would be incomplete without a reference to her distinguished intellectuals, men like Ibsen, Bjornson, and Grieg, who

have so greatly increased the cultural wealth of the world. Considering Norway's small population, no other country can boast so large a proportion of eminent geniuses.

After one has crossed the narrow Ore Sund at Copenhagen to the Swedish city of Malmö opposite, situated on the fertile plains of Skäne that lend their name to all Scandinavia, the difference between intensively farmed Denmark and industrial Sweden is soon apparent. Factory chimneys are exclamation points to accentuate this fact. Only 10 per cent of Swedish soil is now tilled, although the average for western Europe is 44 per cent. The swing from the farm to the city, while not so great as with us (only a quarter of the Swedes reside in towns) grew so marked that in 1894 their Parliament, in order to safeguard agrarian interests, fixed the number of its members to be elected from the towns at 80 and from the country districts at 150. Industrialism demands power, and although their forests and iron mines provide the Swedes with inexhaustible raw products to export, they are determined first to turn them into manufactured articles, and thus retain the profits of manufacture.

Fortunately for them their potential supply of water power fully equals their wealth in raw products, for their estimated supply of "industrial mean water" (about nine months per year) totals 6¾ million horse power, only exceeded in Europe by Norway with its 7½ million horse power, France following with 5.9 millions, and Italy with 5.6, while Germany has only 1.4 and Great Britain one million. The Swedish government, which controls about a quarter of these water power sites, is very wisely, by a loan system, encouraging the development of the privately owned ones. Even with this assistance the advance is not rapid, and in this field opportunity beckons to American capital and enterprise. Although Swedish water power is not so easy to harness as that of Norway with its higher falls, compensation exists in Sweden's numerous lakes that help regulate the supply. Once harnessed, this power finds plenty to do, not only in making the world famous matches, the textiles, etc., but especially in turning the forests into wood pulp and lumber, and in handling both the rich iron ores of central Sweden and the boundless deposits of Lapland, so full of phosphorus.

Perhaps the most outstanding economic fact con-

cerning Sweden is how greatly it surpasses all other European countries in railway development, since for every 10,000 persons it has 26 kilometres of railway as against Denmark's 13.6, France and Great Britain's 12½, and Italy's 6. Like everything else in Sweden, the trains are clean and comfortable. But even more extensive than their railway development is that by steamers. Large vessels run between all the ports, while at Stockholm, plying about through the labyrinth of rivers, inlets, and lakes that make this charming capital such a delightful summer resort, are innumerable small steamers, comfortable and cheap, and all well patronised by the energetic, amusement-loving folk who are never too busy to be polite. This politeness, by the way, is obviously of the heart and not of the hat brim!

The satisfactory climate of Norway and Sweden is puzzling to one who knows the climatic rigours of Alaska situated in about the same northern latitude. The explanation is the Gulf Stream which washes the Norwegian coast, while for Sweden there is the added fact that but few clouds shut off the sun's rays during the long days of summer, though frequent cloudy skies in winter prevent radiation of

the earth's heat during the cold months. The result is that Sweden has an average January temperature about thirteen degrees higher than other countries of equally northerly situation.

One local industry now beginning to attract attention abroad is the breeding of reindeer, of which the Swedes have about 300,000 head. They are only concerned with the hides and meat, but since the introduction of reindeer into Alaska and northern Canada, we have found that their presence makes possible a considerable population at latitudes otherwise too northerly. The reindeer pastures on the moss that covers the Arctic plains, and the milk and meat not only provide for colonies of keepers, but also bring them profit, reindeer beef being now sent as far south as Chicago.

Sweden used to suffer from the intemperance which a northerly climate is apt to superinduce, but she has met the problem, though in a manner differing from our total prohibition enactment. Beer and wine are freely obtainable, but no person under twenty-five may purchase spirits. Upon attaining that age, he or she is provided with a card permitting the purchase of four litres of spirits per month. This system has materially decreased drunkenness.

Perhaps the gentler sex (of which, by the way, there is an abnormal preponderance in Sweden) do not always promptly announce their twenty-fifth birthday and thus somewhat postpone their buying of spirits. Possibly the same female psychology may there operate as in the matter of the women's vote in England, where a woman may not vote until she declares she has reached her thirtieth birthday; one hears that sometimes female voting is unduly delayed! Although Swedish women have long enjoyed more political rights and privileges than their sisters elsewhere in Europe (voting in municipal elections and holding elective offices) it was not until September, 1921, that they took part in national elections, and wide was Scandinavian interest as to how this new vote would swing. It did not, as expected, go conservative, but helped elect a Radical majority in the Parliament.

Sweden was once a great warlike power, for in the Middle Ages, when mercenary bands formed the bulk of all armies, her regiments of citizen-soldiery led by Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII overran northern Europe, captured Prague and stormed the gates of Moscow. Now she is a great force for peace; perhaps this change is no better ex-

emplified than by the fact that the Swede, Alfred Nobel, who gave the world-famous peace prize, is the son of Emanuel Nobel, who invented dynamite and submarine mines!

The sights which meet the traveller's eye in Scandinavia are sometimes strange, but always, to an American, the background is familiar, whether it be the agricultural landscape of Danish small farms or the pine clad hills and frequent lakes of Norway and Sweden, so reminiscent of the Adirondacks or Bar Harbor or many another American woodland. Of course we cannot lay claim to anything just like the bold beauty of the Norwegian fjords, which must be seen to be believed, nor that of the maze of inlets and islands which for miles on beautiful miles stretch between Stockholm and the great north-thrusting Gulf of Bothnia. Nevertheless, an American always feels strangely at home in the Scandinavian countries. Indeed, it seems more of an homeland and less foreign to us than even England, from which we get our language and so much of our blood. Perhaps the most persistently beautiful of all the memories one takes home from Norway and Sweden are the lovely summer twilights softly illumining the picturesque

scenery. Just as America and Japan are blessed with long and glorious autumns (so different from the somewhat dreary ones of continental Europe) so is the Scandinavian peninsula fortunate in the amazing length of its delicious twilights. Indeed, at Stockholm and Christiania, both near the 60th degree north latitude, it never becomes completely dark during the summer months. Even after the tardy setting of the sun the afterglow lingers on, and at one or two in the morning the June or July sky shows a pale blueness that we of lower latitudes do not know. An Italian peasant once reverently told me that the Lord made all of the day and night except the twilight, but that was made by the Blessed Virgin herself. Even more would he have been impressed by the loveliness of the closing day could he have seen it in the far north, notwithstanding that meant his presence among a people 99 per cent of the Lutheran faith!

Do not expect strange sights in the capitals of Copenhagen, Christiania, or Stockholm, for you will find them handsome modern cities with nothing like the number of quaint features shown in many to the south of them. Prosperous they obviously are

and comfortable, but hardly foreign, at least to the American eye.

Stockholm rejoices in a most picturesque situation, built as it is over islands, with many bridges and waterways. It is the fashion to call it the Venice of the North, and while it has canals and rivers enough to justify that name, and toward sunset come many of the lights that make Venice so lovely, it is far too busy a city and against too rocky a background to be really like Venice. Imagine Venice with many large trees and a Bar Harbor background!—impossible.

Of Christiania one always remembers the amazing view out over the city and the hundred-forked Christiania fjord seen from Holmenkollen hill. One has to go all the way to Rio Janeiro harbour for a view so spacious.

But once outside the great capitals, Scandinavia has many quaint sights. Everywhere striking peasant costumes are to be seen. In Norway old-fashioned log houses are frequent, and the fashion of drying hay upon hurdle-like fences prevails in even longer stretches than in Sweden. Though the Swedes like to turn their haypiles into fences, on the other hand they build up circular mounds

of firewood shaped like our hay stacks. Perhaps the oddest sight in Denmark is their fashion of always tethering grazing cattle. You will see long rows of them, each roped to a peg in the ground, busily clearing a circle of its fodder. The Danes maintain that this is more economical of pasturage, for in this way none is wasted or unduly trodden under foot. But, after all, these local idiosyncrasies in their rural landscapes cannot destroy the sense of familiarity to Americans. We may not have Viking blood in our veins, but we are just as restless and eager for new sights as were those early men of initiative and daring. We know why it is that so many Scandinavians, especially those of the northern peninsula, delight to visit foreign lands. We wish that all those emigrants would come to us, to a people that welcomes them, to a land where they feel as much at home as Americans do when we travel amidst the comfort and the sturdy intelligence of the Scandinavian countries.

CHAPTER VI: THE PETITE ENTENTE —THE NORTHERN DAM

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THE PETITE ENTENTE—THE NORTHERN DAM

WHILE assembled at Versailles, the Allies erected two dams across eastern Europe to prevent, first, the reunion under a Prussian war flag of the old Austro-Hungarian grouping of many peoples; and second, to block a Pan-German overflow southward along the line of that beautiful dream—the Berlin-Bagdad railway. The Drang nach Osten must never again be allowed to get started from Berlin! These two dams involved a far-reaching project, for, in addition to their original purposes they also kept the Balkans free for self-development, and by cutting off the Turks from the Kaiser, simplified the perpetual Constantinople problem. They further benefited the Allies by leaving the Near East easily divisible into "spheres of influence" for England, France, Italy and Greece.

The northern and therefore the most exposed of these two dams consists of the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia, running due east and west right

athwart and against most of the southern boundary of Germany. It is a long quadrilateral, buttressed with mountains and rivers, about the size of Spain, and has fourteen million people. It pushes as far east as the Russian frontier, thus completely cutting off Hungary from Germany and also runs far enough west to interfere materially between Germany and what is left of Austria,—now a greatly reduced country round about Vienna, with but six million citizens. This first or northerly dam is both geographically and racially a stout one, for centuries of oppression by Austrians interested in Vienna's predominance effected such a compact national grouping of the Bohemians, Moravians and Slovaks that only freedom was needed to create a Slav nation christened by the Allies Czecho-Slovakia. The wrongs, ancient and modern, of these peoples seem incarnate in their selected leaders, for no small part of the popular strength of President Masaryk and of Eduard Benes, their Prime Minister, comes from the general knowledge that in addition to their persecution and exile, the latter's wife and the former's daughter were imprisoned by the government seated at Vienna. It was chiefly exercise of police

To the Brigadier General
Charles Hubbard Morrill

Prague 26. 7. 1921.

Dr Edvard Beneš

power that kept the Austro-Hungarian Empire together under a Hapsburg, but that very force educated into the Czecho-Slovaks a cohesion that makes this first dam across east Central Europe a solid one.

Another element making for the stability of this dyke is that the leaders of this new republic wisely refrained from seeking too ample a grouping of territory. On the whole, they contented themselves with limits demarked within racial lines expressly to avoid later contention with abutting neighbours. Unfortunately, to secure a complete mountain boundary on the north they took in a couple of million Germans, whose delegates enliven Parliament occasionally by singing Deutschland über Alles. Also, to use the Danube as part of their southern frontier defence, they had to take in a million Magyars. Perhaps they are beginning to realise that they would have been more comfortable without these two ethnic elements. However, it must be said to their national credit that they remembered that over half their trade is carried on with Germany and realised that to begin national existence by friction with their principal market would be most short-sighted. In the

same spirit they gracefully accepted the League of Nations' adverse decision in their territorial dispute over Teschen with their northeasterly neighbour the Pole. All American friends of Poland wish that its policy were equally wise, and that the Poles had not insisted upon such wide frontiers for their new republic. The future of all the new states born or enlarged at Versailles depends largely upon how reasonable they are willing to be with neighbours, especially strong ones, and the Czecho-Slovaks have made an eminently reasonable start. So much for the first dam across that pet project of the Prussian Junkers, the Berlin-Bagdad railway.

Across the southern side of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire runs the second of the great mid-Europe east and west dams constructed at Versailles,—Roumania and Jugo-Slavia. We say "constructed," for although it is true that even before the war Roumania and Serbia together stretched across the route south from Berlin, Budapest and Vienna, those Balkan states were then much weaker than they are now, and besides in those days Germany and Austria formed a coterminous mass stretching so far south that Bel-

grade, capital of Serbia, could be bombarded across the river from Semlin on Austrian soil. Versailles not only shut off all the Hungarians and most of the Austrians by creating Czecho-Slovakia, but also gave the Croats and Slovenes of south Austria to Serbia and Transylvanian Hungary to Roumania, thus advancing far to the north the boundary of this second or southern dam. Versailles also strengthened Roumania and that greater Serbia, the new Jugo-Slavia, largely increasing its population and, better still, by consolidation of races. The name of the latter state (meaning South Slavs in Serbian) seems still in the making, for although abroad it is everywhere known as Jugo-Slavia, at home it calls itself the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. We shall see later that its future greatness depends in an interesting way upon which of those two names is going to suit it best.

After these two mid-European east and west dykes were erected a second step ensued, meant further to strengthen them. Whether the idea of this step was born in the mind of Dr. Eduard Benes, then Czech Minister for Foreign Affairs, or whether he was only the active agent in putting it

into effect is unimportant. It was certainly he who in August, 1920, made hurried trips to Belgrade and Bucharest with the result that there were signed certain defensive and offensive alliances between his country, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia creating a three-partied agreement known to Europeans as the *"Petite Entente."*

It is both significant and appropriate to employ this French name for this new international grouping, because to France more than to any other power is its future cohesion and strength of importance. If the Petite Entente stands firm, a balance in Central Europe is assured, meaning much for the future security of France, while for the Petite Entente French friendship is a great asset. Nor is this friendship a new one, because France has for many years been greatly interested in their sister Latins, the Roumanians, whose army is organised along French lines and is French taught.

Thanks largely to the far-seeing statesmanship of Dr. Milenko Vesnitch, long Serbian Minister in Paris, France also early learned the wisdom of aiding the Serbs and thus gaining a friend south of her inveterate foe of Central Europe. When in

1911 the Serbian King was invited by the French Government to visit Paris, we who witnessed his loudly acclaimed ride down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and through the Champs Elysées thought the Serbian Minister vastly clever to have so far won French friendship for his Sovereign and people. Certainly none of us then anticipated that, before his untimely death in May, 1921, robbed Europe of a great Constitutionalist, Franco-Serbian friendship would have trebled the territory and population of his beloved home-land! Between his death and state funeral, his appreciative compatriots ratified the new constitution so largely due to his brain, and to further which he had, for more than a year, supported those onerous responsibilities of Prime Minister which so broke his health as to cost his life. Never did a patriot more truly die for his country, nor did one ever leave so completely rounded a service to endear his memory at home! Shoulder to shoulder with him laboured the veteran Pashich, whom we will visit in his Ministry at Belgrade.

But let us come back to Benes, for he occupies a unique position not always understood even in Europe. All the European Prime Ministers but

he owe their tenure of office to controlling a majority vote in Parliament. If they lose that, out they go. In his country the Cabinet is appointed by the President, and because of Benes' long and close friendship with President Masaryk whom he adores, he enjoys a stability of political position nowhere else found in Europe. The Constitution of Czecho-Slovakia says that its President may not be re-elected, *except the first President,* an eloquent proof of a people's gratitude to Masaryk and a graceful way of announcing his election for life. Because of the high regard which Masaryk has long entertained for Benes, enduring through years of political storm and now sunshine, Benes may be said to be in office for life—that is, for Masaryk's life.

The policy of both the President and his Minister is not only peace with all neighbours but also peace between all those neighbours, and for this policy there is an urgent national reason. Within the confines of this Succession State (as fragments of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire are called) of Czecho-Slovakia are to be found nearly eighty per cent of all the business, manufacturing and otherwise of the old Dual Monarchy, and this

means that no one in that part of the world is in such urgent need of markets as the Czech. He does not want war anywhere, least of all nearby, for war shuts markets. It is not too much to say that Benes, Masaryk's active-minded and bodied Minister is the most potential factor for peace in all southeastern Europe. More power to his elbow!

The reason for Masaryk's remarkable hold upon his people is not far to seek, for he incarnates the best there is in that group of differing but interdependent Slavs making up the new Republic.

And what a splendid figure is this Masaryk, the veteran patriot! Born in 1850, son of a coachman, beginning his long career as an apprentice to a locksmith and then to a blacksmith, who would ever have predicted his elevation not only to the Presidency of a Republic but also upon the pedestal of its grateful heart. especially if they knew the years of unpopularity he suffered because of outspoken insistence upon justice to all, even to the extent of defending a Jew wrongfully accused of ritual murder.

Thomas Garrigues Masaryk (note the middle name, for upon his marriage in 1878 to a New

Yorker, he incorporated her name with his) is a profound scholar and longtime professor of philosophy, languages and government, and perhaps even better still, a Slovak, for a Slovak at the head of this new amalgam of Slavs means that the defence of minority representation will always have a friend in him. Also it is of good omen that his pupil and loyal friend Eduard Benes, appointed by him as Minister for Foreign Affairs, is a Czech. Could there be a happier combination than that of this serious mature professor of Prague University, deeply schooled in the theory of representative government, with a devoted younger friend, active, practical, resourceful, with answers always flashing out for every new difficulty constantly arising in so new and untried a republic. If any one doubts the immediate future of Czecho-Slovakia, let him journey to Prague and gain speech with its two forceful and beloved leaders.

I had had the privilege of meeting Dr. Benes in Paris and knew the high opinion in which he was held by men like Briand and Lloyd George. But Benes at the Hôtel Meurice, Rue de Rivoli, is very different from Benes seated in the ancient palace of the Hapsburgs atop of steep-sided

Hradchin heights, looking out over Prague and miles beyond of a freed homeland for which he and his loved master laboured through so many years of exile! Here was the real Benes, Czech to his fingertips, a swift direct answer for every question, a talker who fairly "bored in," as boxers say, when developing a thought. His foreign policy is "justice to all neighbours," and with him and his compatriots this can be no empty political phrase; it behoves the Czechs to remember what they owe to the Allies, and yet they must not forget that over half Czecho-Slovakia's trade is with powerful Germany alongside. In case of trouble Allied fleets could not instantly aid a mid-European Republic as they could Greece or some other sea-bordering land. There are problems in plenty in every branch of government for those untried Czecho-Slavs, whose peoples have been trained for centuries by Austrian oppressors to be, like the Irish, "agin the government."

Indeed, this political attitude of mind has become so inbred as to make them now unduly critical of their own government, entirely home-bred and home-made though it be. It is a silly criticism sometimes heard in Europe that Czecho-Slovakia

seems a bureaucracy that is not working. How could a people long denied the smallest portion of self-government be expected to begin as finished experts in that intricate science? Look at the French for the first few years succeeding their Revolution! We Americans are given to boasting about how excellently our republic functioned from its very beginnings, but we forget that we fought England not to gain our liberty, but to retain a liberty which George III's new tax laws would have taken from us. Our government had already long functioned before our separation from the British Crown.

The chief problems confronting Czecho-Slovakia, —those arising from inequalities in the education and difference in religion of its constituent parts came picturesquely to my attention from an acquaintance made during an episode at Tetschen, their frontier town facing Saxon Germany. The German Customs officials there held up two American soldiers trying to enter Germany after a holiday in Czecho-Slovakia, because their passports lacked German visas. These two bellicose youngsters decided that their officer's permission to travel was all they needed, so they fell upon

the Germans and at first routed them. Numbers in the end proved too much for their valour, and a Czecho-Slovak officer, desiring to befriend them, called me in to help get them released. Inquiry revealed that they had been visiting the Slovakian uncle of one youthful soldier drafted while working on a farm near Zanesville, Ohio. Their account of backward Slovakian conditions, as viewed from an Ohio angle, differed so widely from what I had just been seeing in progressive Prague as to explain why statesmen in that capital had thought-furrowed foreheads.

In Prague is a University dating from 1348, the Sorbonne of eastern Europe, long the centre not only of a widely spreading education among the Czechs but also an hearthstone upon which was kept alight the flame of their national spirit. Slovakia, in the meantime, by deliberate effort of the Austro-Hungarian government, was kept as illiterate as possible. My Zanesville soldier had gone to his Slovakian uncle's home to spend two weeks, but, said he "two days did me nicely! They had a big fire the day I arrived, but instead of calling out the village fire department, they marched a sacred image round and round the

burning house till there was nothing left to burn; —what do you know about that! They are too far behind the times to hold me, so I beat it."

There you have the picture, a nation in which there are two and a half million intensely religious but generally illiterate Slovaks, and seven million Czechs well provided with schools from primary grade up to University, but loose in allegiance to Mother Church. Fortunately the Moravians living in between these differing elements afford a connecting racial link, while all the fourteen million Slav folk making up this new republic possess an intense national spirit,—thanks to Austrian oppression. Indeed, to all these varied citizens of a common country, the very word Austrian means oppressive rulers. Take Jonescu, the Roumanian Prime Minister, once said: "There is no Austrian nation,—there is only an Austrian caste." President Masaryk wrote that his land used to have "the social structure of a conquered country."

The greatest product for any State is statesmen, and in that field Czecho-Slovakia has already justified its existence. Here also is a country not only the best educated of all the Slavs but also the

most practical, shown both in their factories and farms. We have noted that within her present confines were located nearly eighty per cent of all the factories in Austro-Hungary; she also had forty per cent of its tilled land. "Every one of our companies before the war was forced to have its office in Vienna, but that is all over forever!" exclaimed Jan Masaryk, the strong-eyed upstanding half-American son of the President, proud of the fact that he pushed a wheelbarrow for one seventy-five a day in Bridgeport, and that he worked five years for Crane and Company in Chicago, a scion of which house, Richard Crane, was our first Minister in Prague. No, the Austrian milking of the Czechish cow is over. She must, however, remember that German capital controls many of her industries!

A sensible socialism came in along with the new régime in Prague, with all that means of an eight-hour labour law, of national insurance for health and accident, old age pensions, etc., all built upon a constitution combining the best features of ours and of the French. Equal suffrage for both sexes and a secret ballot for everybody. In the old days one-third of all the land was held by the nobles,

who almost always farmed it out to Jewish or other contractors. Absentee landlordism tells the same story in all languages! The republic has taken over, upon compensation, all real estate exceeding 300 acres per person of improved land or 500 acres of unimproved, in order to provide small holdings for ex-soldiers and other worthy folk. To none more than to these soldiers is this due, for by their gallantry and steadiness, not only in many an Allied army in Europe but also as a separate force in Siberia did they win for their race such wide confidence as to ensure its independence.

Prague used to be a stronghold of Hussite Protestantism, from which it spread widely. Then came the terrible defeat of the White Mountain in 1620, and the Roman Catholicism of the conquerors was imposed upon the people. Statistics show that only one million of them are now Protestants while nearly nine million are Roman Catholics, but "all is not gold that glitters." A prominent Czechish official of the Foreign Office told me that his Roman Catholic mother had not been to confession for fifteen years!

The priests of Bohemia formally petitioned the Pope for nationalisation of the clergy, so that na-

tives might be appointed to the chief sees, for permission to conduct service in the national language, and for abolition of celibacy. If the attitude of the priests is so advanced, what must we conclude is the laity's state of mind? This Czechish swing against church shows signs of turning against all religion, but it is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail, and that in this regard as in many others, they will follow their leader Masaryk, who is as profoundly religious as was our own Lincoln.

We must not leave Czecho-Slovakia without referring to the fact that although most of her mountains protect her certain others of them are rather a nuisance. For instance, to go from Prague to Slovakia, lying east of her, the railway does not go east but is forced by mountains to drop down to Bratislava (formerly Pressburg) on the Danube and then up again into Slovakia. From Slovakia to Ruthenia on the east there is no railway at all. The Ruthenians live in the high valleys of the Carpathians which, unfortunately, don't open westward toward Slovakia, but all drain southward into the great Hungarian plain. Economically the Ruthenians are cut off by moun-

tains from the rest of Czecho-Slovakia, but have always been closely tied up with the plain dwellers to their south. The Ruthenian peasant used to go down every year to help with the Hungarian grain harvest and returning to his mountain home with his wages in foodstuffs, live comfortably till the next harvest. Now the new frontier restrictions intervene between him and his summer employment; he cannot longer get his winter supplies in the old way. He is badly off, and he complains of it loudly.

The Versailles geography factory reported that in plebiscite the Ruthenians declared for association with the new Czecho-Slovak State, but inquiry reveals that the plebiscite was held by the Ruthenian emigrants living around Pittsburg, because the lower state of education in Ruthenia and the difficulty attending collection there of votes just after the war made it preferable for the question to be answered by their overseas kin! Somehow or other, this answer does not nowadays satisfy the local stay-at-home Ruthenian, thinking longingly of his former profitable employment in the Hungarian harvests. Look at a mountain

marked map, and you will see the economic fix he is in.

So much for the northerly dam and now for the southerly one, beginning with its westerly or Serbian half.

CHAPTER VII: THE PETITE ENTENTE —THE SOUTHERN DAM

CHAPTER VII

THE PETITE ENTENTE—THE SOUTHERN DAM

OF all the smaller European Powers none gained more in importance, in population of the same stock, and in territory than those Southern Slavs, the Serbs. None have more right to be proud of their dogged valour in war or of their heroic endurance of national misfortune, completely overrun as they were by the Germanic armies. If they proved boastful in the day of victory it would be only natural, but instead of that what does one see in the Prime Minister's office at Belgrade as the only other adornment of its walls beside the King's portrait? Some map showing the enlarged boundaries of the now great State? Some battle picture showing victory crowning the Serbian arms? Not at all, only an enlarged photograph of a scene marking the lowest ebb of Serbia's fortune, the saddest moment of her darkest day—the aged King Peter, after a gallantly-fought retreat across his own country, leading his Staff over the ancient Roman bridge connecting

the last remaining corner of German-infested Serbia with Albania to which he was driven in exile, a defeated leader of a beaten army, expelled from their homeland, perhaps never to return.

I don't know when I have been so impressed as by the sight of that picture;—it meant so much of the right sort of national pride. Then too I was struck by the modesty and simplicity of the office, for it is much the smallest and most unpretentious of any in all Europe. Perhaps this is but natural, for Serbia is truly called a "peasant kingdom," a land in which there are few rich or very poor, where life, even in Belgrade, the capital, is of the simplest.

It is said there are only four modern bathrooms in Belgrade, but that is perhaps more endurable than the unmodernity of the lumpy cobblestones that make locomotion through the streets so uncomfortable. The Serbs call their capital Beograd, which means the White City, the reason for which is easily seen if on the way out to Topscheider Park one looks back on the whitened stucco of the massed houses. Rude tourists sometimes allege that the name really comes from the clouds of

Au général Charles Sheriff

24 Août 1921 Take Jonescu

white dust that envelop everything except when rain turns them temporarily to mud.

One of my most charming European memories is that of the view just at sunset from lofty Kalemegdan Park, just where hilly Belgrade culminates at the old citadel, down over the junction below of the river Save with the slow rolling Danube. Here I heard the whole tale of how the Austrian batteries on the plain below across the river bombarded the city preliminary to the successful crossing of the stream and attack by two unsuspected divisions of German storm troops secretly brought from the Russian front. The English and the French batteries supporting the gallant but war-worn Serbian infantry stood off the Germans for three days, but finally had to fall back and begin that long series of hard fought rear-guard battles that ended in the picture on the Prime Minister's wall.

The religious question is as vexing in Jugo-Slavia as we found it in Czecho-Slovakia, for in the former we have the Roman Catholic Croats and Slovenes united in new political bonds to the Serbs of the "Orthodox" or Greek Catholic Church, the former two using Roman letters of

the alphabet, while the Serbs cling to the Cyrillic, which is similar to the Russian, both descended from the Greek and therefore supported by the Greek faith which both embrace. Nor are the Serbs content with their own use of Cyrillic, for since the larger kingdom came into existence, Cyrillic signs have been added to all railway stations, even where the local folk could not read them.

Here also the local Roman Catholic clergy, notably those of Slovenia, have taken an advanced stand with the Vatican, and possibly out of their efforts will result a national church assimilating the Greek Catholics of Serbia with the Roman Catholics of Croatia and Slovenia in a national church permitting the use of the vernacular instead of Latin in the mass, etc., but acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope.

Jugo-Slavia also faces the same educational problem as Czecho-Slovakia, in that Serbia proper has nearly eighty per cent of its people illiterate, which makes the better educated Croats and Slovenes all the more restless under too great a centralisation of power in Belgrade.

To meet this situation and to grant greater local

autonomy the central government has decided to set up local parliaments, but for this purpose is creating arbitrarily fixed districts of about six hundred thousand each. This step is hardly pleasing to the Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians and Herzegovinians, who would prefer local autonomy on the lines of their old provinces, and suspect this new plan as intended to break them up, and thus leave control in Serb hands at Belgrade.

In one respect Jugo-Slavia strongly resembles Czecho-Slovakia,—the Italian peril provides the former with the same cement that memory of the old Austrian tyranny does for the latter. The persistence with which certain Italians have pushed the Fiume question is greatly aiding the young Jugo-Slav nationality to carry on during their first years of development—a period always critical, as we Americans know better than most people.

Among people who have never visited Jugo-Slavia, or at least not recently, one hears frequent expressions of preference for that title to the more sonorous official one of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, or even Greater Serbia. The fact is that the whole problem of this new country's future is wrapped up in this question of

name. Briefly, if the longer title persists in fact as well as in words, giving federated recognition to all its new parts, the future of the whole seems bright. Also it must be noted, that with such a name and such a recognition of minority rights, it is more than possible that Bulgaria might come into this confederation of the southern Slavs, something she would never do if there prevailed the name of Greater Serbia.

Already many Pan-Serbs, within and without the country, maintain that Croatia and Slovenia are merely annexed to Serbia, not federated with it, and that it is Serbia that should dominate the whole, just as Prussia controlled the German Empire at the outbreak of the war. They should learn from that war's results, or else they will go the same way the Germans went under the militaristic lead of the Prussians. If the federation idea works out, and perhaps broadens into a United States of the South Slavs, and Bulgaria comes in with the three already assembled in Jugo-Slavia, the Balkan problem is on the high road to solution. Otherwise not, for the Croats and Slovenes will soon come to be as little satisfied with militarist control by Serbs as they were in the past

with Turkish and then Austrian, and so will the Bosnian, Herzegovinian or Dalmatian elements of this newly grouped nation.

Just as Pashich and his Pan-Serb supporters have from the beginning laboured for a Serbising of Croatia and Slovenia, so has the new King Alexander, even while Prince Regent during the last years of his father King Peter, always stood out for the federated rights of the minorities.

So well is this known that one may say that he and his house, the Karageorgeviches, supply the same symbol of union between the Greek Catholic Serbs and the Roman Catholics of the other groups that the British Crown provides for the British Empire,—the same golden thread to bind dissimilar parts together. Son of a father who gallantly served with the French in the war of 1870, and himself a wearer of the coveted French Médaille Militaire for bravery, there is no doubt where the sagacious sovereign would stand if later on the *Furor Teutonicus* should threaten the independence of south Central Europe.

In passing, here is a political anecdote of useful significance, as frequently denied in Belgrade as it is frequently recounted. When the new union

was formed Pashich submitted to the Prince Regent a list of names for Ministers in the first Cabinet, with himself as Prime Minister. "I accept all the names but one," said the Prince, "and that one is yours." He knew of Pashich's wish for Serbian domination of the new combination of south Slavs and disapproved of it. Pashich's friends will now tell you that he was tricked into that position of supporting the annexation as opposed to the federated policy, but a face to face talk with him leaves the impression that it is he and not others, that makes up his mind. Pashich's friends will also tell you that when he was shown the seat allotted to him at the Versailles Conference he found before him a card marked "Serbian Delegation." He promptly drew his pencil through it and wrote below "Delegation of the Kingdom of the Slovenes, Croats and Serbs." Each day on his arrival he would find a new card marked "Serbian Delegation," and each day he would go through the same rite of erasure and substitution.

It is said that the average Serb is incapable of keeping a secret, but here is one who carries discretion to an extreme. When King Milan sent

Pashich to Petrograd for a conference with the Russian Minister Sazonoff, he knew perfectly well that on Pashich's return he would keep all the details of the interview to himself, so the King sent another man with him in order to learn fully what was said. That man is still a Serb official, but there is no record of Pashich having ever advanced him! Oddly enough, Pashich calls himself and his party Radical, but as a matter of fact he is by way of being Conservative. He took the title back in the days when he was opposing King Milan's autocratic rule, and demanding a change from autocracy to a constitutional monarchy. That monarch of the old school had such a way of calling his Cabinet together late at night and then suddenly dismissing them from office that they got the nickname of "midnight Cabinets." On one occasion he decided not only to replace but also to imprison them. Pashich, who was then in office, heard of the King's amiable intention during the afternoon and escaped across the river into Austria, before the night meeting assembled. He began his career as an engineer, as did his friend and fellow veteran (they are both 78), the Patriarch of the Serb

Greek or Orthodox Church. Pashich's long white beard and highly intelligent face would fit him equally well to head the church or the nation In French he speaks very slowly and deliberately, but in German he is quite at home and talks easily and confidently, as befits one of his power and experience.

During our conversation, knowing him to be a Russophile, I commented that such a policy on the part of Jugo-Slavia might one day prove a great asset for the Allies, for if and when Germany and Russia regained their economic feet, his would be the only hold upon Russian friendship able to avert an anti-Allies combination between Russia and Germany. He enlarged upon the Russian question, approving strongly of America's policy of "hands off" in Russia and respect for the integrity of her territory. Not only is he determined that his country do not interfere in poor Russia's disordered affairs, but also he insists that the 40,000 Russian refugees now in Serbia likewise refrain from political activities in their homeland. One sees Russian uniforms everywhere in the streets, chiefly those of Wrangel's army, and it is said that there are no less than 450 Russian

generals in Belgrade, so Pashich's policy interdicting interference in Russian politics is clearly a wise one. He doubts Germans gaining the ascendency in Russia, "unless," said he, "the wheel of fate should put both a Kaiser and a Czar back on the throne,"—whereupon he smiled!

And now for the easterly half of the southern dam, Roumania. One's first impressions upon arriving at Bucharest depend largely upon whether one comes from Belgrade or Sofia or Budapest. It is better to arrive from the two former, for if one has seen Budapest, a fine European capital, there will be a feeling of disappointment. Bucharest, gay, lively, with its modern broad boulevards deserted, but its narrow twisting inner streets crowded with bustling throngs, is strangely like the older parts of Buenos Aires, before the boom there raised its population from a million to two millions.

Bucharest's most popular thoroughfare, wriggling through its busiest sections, is named Calle Victoriei, just as the streets of the Argentine capital are called calle. Architecturally, the low stucco houses, seldom exceeding two stories, are exactly like those of older Buenos Aires. So too

in both those cities one sees everywhere little fiacres drawn by two horses, but if one looks at the driver the picture changes—you are far from distant Argentina, back in a world where the Slavs have the upper hand. On the boxes of Bucharest's fiacres you will be surprised to see the moujiks you used to see driving droskys in Petrograd—the same short-waisted, long-skirted coats, heavily padded at back, breast and shoulders—the same straight-armed leaning-back pull on the hurrying little horses—the same broad-featured Slav faces!

Not only does the city look crowded but it *is* crowded. Before the war its buildings accommodated a population of 300,000, but now 800,000 are trying to live there. The large increase of Roumania's territory decreed at Versailles, giving her Bessarabia, Transylvania, etc., has greatly increased the political significance of her capital. Politicians naturally flocked there in great numbers.

A foreign friend of Roumania remarked to me that it would benefit her people if they could receive the same treatment accorded to the Israelites by Moses when they came out of Egypt. It will

be remembered that he led them about in the wilderness for forty years, giving time for old prejudices to die out and especially for all the old politicians to die off, so that they entered the Promised Land under new leaders, with all the old national prejudices outgrown. Even Moses himself only saw the Promised Land from afar! Like every American I like politics, but I never saw so much of them as Bucharest is now enjoying.

Coming as I did from Belgrade, a smaller and less pretentious capital, Bucharest, and especially its newer hotels, seemed very attractive. Indeed, the whole city has an undeniable charm. Perhaps the greatest contrast between any two features of the two capitals is that afforded by their respective Foreign Offices. The one at Belgrade is far and away the smallest and most modest in all Europe, while that in Bucharest is the most elaborately housed of them all. The spacious palace it occupies is located in ample grounds overlooking a large circle where many streets converge. Its atmosphere is redolent of the traditions of European diplomacy of the old school—*tout ce qu'il y a de vieux jeu!*

At its head is the polished, witty, quick-minded Take Jonescu, a clever writer and a keen judge of just how political cats are going to jump, whether at home or abroad. He knows Europe as do few of its Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and is frequently to be seen travelling about, learning the state of public opinion in more than one foreign centre. Of course he is most in Paris, because the growing influence of France throughout all south-eastern Europe is a movement of great significance to all its chanceries. "Take," as he is popularly called at home (to bear a nickname is a good political sign, as millions of American lovers of "Teddy" Roosevelt will testify), prophesied in 1914 that America would sooner or later come into the war on the side of the Allies, and he also predicted that the hegemony of the white race would pass to the United States, which remains to be seen, even for the most optimistic get-rich-quick American. Roumania is one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources, and government concessions to develop them are strong cards for Take Jonescu to play on his travels, especially the one marked "oil fields." An editor of the London *Times* told me that once upon a

time when Take used to be its correspondent, he was checked up for reporting his opinions upon a certain episode rather than the facts themselves. Perhaps that sort of a training explains why he is that rare type of statesman—one who never fools himself!

All southeastern Europeans, especially those of the newly created or enlarged states, realise the importance to them of Allied support, and therefore have viewed with concern the slowly widening divergence of opinion between France and England upon several subjects.

Take Jonescu talks quite freely about the importance not only of continued Anglo-French friendship, but also of the desirability of America coming into closer business relations with his country, even if it cannot link up politically with the League of Nations. Perhaps he might be willing to play some of his best cards with us, say for example the one covering oil concessions,—who knows! He is certainly a most engaging talker, and in the easy flow of his remarks, one frequently sees through to a rock bottom of studied wisdom, in which, however, he seems to take less pride than in his skill at deft turns of policy.

There is no denying that Roumanians of this type are unusually pleasing in manner, and especially is this true of Jonel Bratianu, more than once Prime Minister, and easily one of the most charming Europeans to hold that high office. His strong, striking, if not handsome features light up frequently with a smile that must be a political asset, and his artistically disarranged hair shows a touch of grey that is less indicative of experience than are his comments on men and events. There are few men, not French, who possess such a graceful turn of phrase in that language of diplomacy. Obviously he is a writer, you say, and perhaps even a savant, for such well rounded sentences can only come after much thinking. He speaks in French with the same ease of phrase that President Wilson employs in English. Don't think that Bratianu is only a maker of pleasing phrases, for nothing could be more brutally frank than his description of the present deplorable financial condition of his country, and his contrast of the present state of affairs with that prevailing before the war. He believes in facing facts, but dark as they now are he gave good reasons for believing that their economic remedy is available,

and is not far off. Evidently he is a man of courage, a recogniser of difficulties, and one eager to attack them.

It is owing to a few far-sighted men like him that Roumania is the one Petite Entente country that is going forward to meet the problem caused by new provinces joining the nation. Better than the Czechs and the Serbs is she realising that her new citizens must have high places given their representatives in the government, and that the represented must be made to feel at home in their new political brotherhood. The coronation of the King is to take place, not in Bucharest, but in Transylvania, one of the new provinces. Already there is one Transylvanian in the Cabinet and in the new adjustment soon to take place, more portfolios will be held by Transylvanians.

Let us glance at certain of the Petite Entente's neighbours. There is in several quarters, and some of them high up and well informed, much misunderstanding as to Poland's relations with the Petite Entente. The Roumanians want to have her in, indeed some of them seem to feel she has already joined. Take Jonescu, the Roumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, says he has the same

alliances with her that he has with his two partners in the Entente, and when I talked with Bratianu in Bucharest, that "Elder Statesman" seemed to assume that of course Poland was already a member. Neither of those men seemed to take sufficiently into account the strong Russophilism dominating the Foreign Office at Belgrade, which would prevent the Greek Church Serbs from joining any new compact guaranteeing Poland in continued possession of the territory she obtained from Russia.

French writers all predict that Poland will sooner or later be taken into the Petite Entente,—but will she?

The Powers signing the Versailles Treaty agree by the terms of its Article X to unite in defending against aggressors all boundaries there fixed. Thus far will the Petite Entente undoubtedly go in friendly assistance to Poland. But Poland, by certain acts, as for example her taking of Vilna on Lithuanian soil, has gone beyond those boundaries. Would the countries of the Little Entente undertake joint responsibility for such acts? It is more than doubtful.

Throughout all the three Petite Entente coun-

tries one finds warm friends of the Poles as fellow Slavs, especially in Roumania, but everywhere the same doubtful shake of the friendly head—"Poland can live and be strong if she will only be reasonable, but can she be? Is she disposed to recognise herself as a novice in self-government and apply herself to its study and practice?" Again the melancholy shake of the head, and always the fear that Poland lives too much in a memory of ancient military grandeur, and recognises but little if at all, that by the Vilna episode as by that of Teschen, of Upper Silesia, of her slice taken on the east from Russia, she is surrounding herself with a succession of Alsaces and Lorraines which, to say the least, can only mean undeveloped friendships with neighbours.

They all seem to feel that with a little less of both land and population her future would be much safer. In an earlier chapter we had the unpleasant duty of recording that nowhere in Europe outside of France does one find confidence in a long continuance of Poland as a separate state. The Germans maintain that Poland's acceptance of any part of Upper Silesia necessitates an early combination between a recovered Ger-

many and a renewed Russia, sure to mean the squeezing of Poland in between them. Nowhere is this outcome feared more than in Czecho-Slovakia, whose geographical situation forces her statesmen constantly to remember that they stand at a junction where meet those three great blocs—the Allies, the Slavs and the Teutons. It seems a safe prediction (however unwelcome in Paris) that Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia will insist that the Little Entente steer clear of the animosities that Poland seems bent on accumulating, and that in this policy of national self-interpretation and defence, Czecho-Slovakia will lead.

The economic question of the Petite Entente and its relations both to Hungary and Bulgaria (and perhaps also to diminished Austria) cannot be understood without a study of the Danube with its possibility of heavy river traffic, and all that means of cheap transportation. Too long has the Danube been considered as a frontier, and never sufficiently as an artery. What is to become of Hungary? And what about the future of that small state still called Austria lying close about Vienna?—all that is left of the broad Hapsburg domains. We will discuss this in our next chapter.

It is time to consider Bulgaria; how does she affect the Petite Entente? Into all three of the Entente countries have come one problem new to all alike,—the agrarian. Before the war Serbia lacked sufficient plainland to be seriously interested in agrarianism. Now with the addition of agricultural Croatia and Slovenia, Belgrade has found it necessary to accord the new farming elements of its population due consideration.

From quite another angle is Roumania confronting this same question. Before the war she already possessed fertile plains enough to understand the needs of her farmers, but hers was a well-balanced population without undue preponderance either for or against the agrarian element. Now, since the Treaty of Versailles has given her the fertile reaches of Bessarabia and Transylvania, she finds herself embarrassed by an excessive preponderance of agriculturalists. These citizens and also the Jugo-Slavs are listening to what is happening south of them, in Bulgaria.

There the Prime Minister, Stambuliski, has raised the banner of the Green International, to combat, says he, the Red one. His thesis is, since food is a nation's greatest necessity, therefore its

producers, the farmers, should control the government. Whether this vesting of control in one class accords or not with the principles of well-balanced freedom for all classes, it pleases the farmers, and the success of this movement in Bulgaria is giving Roumania and Serbia (with their new accretions of farming population) cause for much thought and some internal unrest.

This Bulgarian Prime Minister, Stambuliski, has had an interesting career. He began as organiser of small groups of farmers for co-operation and for business self-defence. Next he combined several of these groups into a Farmers' Alliance, was selected its secretary, and went into politics on its behalf. It elected him to Parliament, where a constantly growing strength of his organisation finally raised him to Prime Minister.

Bulgaria was on the loser's side of the war, and therefore was considerably reduced in territory when the carving began at the Versailles council table, but its aggressive agrarianism has started something which is troubling government tranquillity in its two northerly neighbours, both large territorial gainers from the war. Agriculture has its problems in Czecho-Slovakia, but there it is

fortunately balanced by a well-developed industrialism.

We have seen that on its northerly boundary, exposed to Germany, the Petite Entente cannot expect immediate assistance in an emergency, such as the Allies' naval forces on the south of it could render either directly to Jugo-Slavia on the Adriatic, or Roumania on the Black Sea, or indirectly by a back-fire from the Mediterranean on their neighbours the Greeks or the Bulgarians. Czecho-Slovakia buttressed within her mountain defended quadrilateral and with her intense national spirit fortified by an advanced industrialism coupled with well-developed agriculture, seems well equipped mentally and materially to defend her new independence. But what of her two sisters in the Petite Entente—increased Roumania and Jugo-Slavia? Should they not give apprehensive glances toward the south because of the new conditions there developed by the war? Bulgaria the bellicose, reduced in territory and cut off from Prussian equipment and aid, has had her teeth drawn. But Greece and Italy, what does their expansion as Mediterranean powers mean to the Petite Entente?

Especially has the littoral of both Greece and Italy been greatly extended, the former not only eastward over the widely coveted Salonika harbour, but also by stepping across the Ægean Archipelago to Asia Minor, whilst Italy, in addition to her share of Asian water-front, has realised a cherished dream by gaining Italia Irredenta and beyond. Already some Italians look forward to the Adriatic becoming an Italian lake! Against such extremists the Allies have been at some pains to guarantee a sea outlet for Jugo-Slavia, and such an outlet sounder Italian sentiment approves, for it means a contented neighbour with whom considerable cross-Adriatic trade can come. The worst danger for Italo-Serb relations was over when the Fiume discussion was compounded, but in ambitious Greece, the Petite Entente has hardly so comfortable a neighbour. Here again we have the same uncertainty that we found disturbing Czech statesmen about Poland—"will they be reasonable?" Will not Greece expect too great an expansion at this time, now that the door to Asia Minor is open? Are they not placing hopes and plans too much on their settled belief that the

Turks are a passing race, and that it is they, the Greeks, that must take their place?

As for Bulgaria, she will doubtless continually essay by flirtation or rougher methods, to gain the co-operation of either Jugo-Slavia or Roumania in recovering lost Thracian lands from Greece, but it is not to be feared that either will be led far in such a direction. They both realise that more than ever is Greece concerned with her Mediterranean outlook, and seeks only there her extension. Italy too, now that the Fiume danger is past, has nothing in her future to arouse suspicions in the chanceries of Prague, Belgrade or Bucharest.

Most wise is the policy determined upon by Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Serbia to set their house in order against a possible evil day when a recovered Germany may combine with a renewed Russia, and threaten next-door neighbours of this union of German energy and Russian raw products and man power. In only one particular is this foresight of the Petite Entente open to criticism—their statesmen seem to feel that Russia cannot recover for fifteen years. They forget the character of Russia before the Revolution,—illiterate, unwieldy, illy developed.

If an highly developed country like France should undergo such a debâcle as overcame Russia in 1917, undoubtedly it would take her all of fifteen years to recover from the shattering of her intricate civilisation. But think of France as a watch, and of Russia as a wheelbarrow. If a watch is injured, it takes specialists and considerable time to bring it back into working order, but any well meaning person can repair a wheelbarrow promptly!

Given a return to reason by Russia, and her restoration as a world power will come about more rapidly than is predicted by the leaders of the Petite Entente. Even now far-sighted foreigners are saying that all Russia needs is a reorganisation of her railways to relieve famine and open her granaries and raw products to the markets of the world. The Petite Entente's programme of prompt development for self-defence is admirable, but the danger from Germany on the north and Russia on the east is nearer in time than they seem at present to realise.

CHAPTER VIII: A HOUSE DIVIDED—HUNGARY

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A HOUSE DIVIDED—HUNGARY

IN April, 1917, Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, wrote to the Emperor Charles:

"Five sovereigns have been dethroned under conditions which give rise to serious thought. It is no use arguing that conditions in Austria-Hungary are different or that the monarchical system is so deeply rooted in Vienna that a similar danger does not exist there."

At the same time referring to the various propositions leading up to peace which Hungary had opposed because of conflicting claims between Germany and Austria, Count Czernin made no secret of the lack of sympathy and understanding in the Dual Empire which, in truth, had never been secret. In spirit it was always a house divided against itself.

A Bohemian grand seigneur and territorial magnate, Count Ottocar von Czernin was in sympathy with the displaced Berchtold—who owed his

downfall and disgrace to Berlin—and with his accession as Premier and also Chancellor of the Dual Empire it was hoped that Berchtold's policies would be revived and thus bring a new vitality to the reigning house. In the anti-German prejudices of the latter his successor was supposed to share and the peace seekers took heart. But again arose the question of the surrender of Transylvania to Roumania since it was largely inhabited by Roumanians, and this the Magyars would not hear of.

Thus was shown once more, as it had been when there was a chance to make Roumania an ally or at least a neutral, the utter division between the parts of this divided house. It hardly needed a reference to the wisdom of Holy Writ to realise that it must fall.

From that rich province of Transylvania, now lost to Hungary by a division of the spoils of war, strangely enough come both Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, a statesman of refinement, culture and experience and also the family of Count Banffy, Minister for Foreign Affairs. One could hardly find a greater difference between two men than exists between these two ministers.

To Gen. Sheriff
Hardy

Both are slender and of medium height, differing widely in build from the thick set, sturdier Admiral Horthy. Count Bethlen's serious eyes below a high domed forehead belong to a man of the world who has no illusions, but pursues definite results as seen from the angle of the old régime, while in Count Banffy one perceives a man with a vision of new things, an artist to his finger tips, an optimist convinced that better days are already in sight.

Perhaps Count Banffy is an unusual selection for the post he holds, because most of his high reputation has been gained in the world of art as painter, writer and musician. And yet, withal, his success has been along practical lines in various artistic fields, for his was long the directing mind at the Opera House, where nothing daunted his insistence on finished results. Was scenery lacking? he designed it; was music needed? he composed it; and yet all the time his practical hand was guiding the innumerable business details of that large enterprise. His political emergence at this time finds an interesting parallel in that of Paderewski at Warsaw, where a world-famous pianist showed himself likewise adept at states-

manship. And yet in such a parallel Banffy would, along practical lines, benefit by the comparison.

I told him that certain Roumanians sufficiently broad-minded to desire closer commercial relations with Hungary, notably that charming personality Bratianu, feared that such a rapprochement would be difficult of achievement if the Hungarian negotiators were men like Bethlen and Banffy whose families had been impoverished by loss of estates in Transylvania now distributed to Roumanian peasants. The angle from which the Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs viewed this question was interesting.

Said he, "Who, for that very reason, are better qualified to treat with Roumania than Count Bethlen and I? The Hungarian people, feeling keenly as they do the loss of that rich province, would probably repudiate any agreement looking towards closer commercial relations with Roumania if it were negotiated by men who had suffered less than my colleague and myself. If we are willing to forget and forgive in order to benefit our beloved country's present and immediate future, then such renewed business ties stand a far

better chance of fruition than if negotiated by those who have suffered less than we."

This point of view was shared by Count Bethlen, who frankly avowed that his policy was for Hungary to do business, not only with Roumania, but also with all of her other neighbours. It must be remembered that any statesman in that part of the world espousing such a progressive policy must proceed gingerly, or his own people (still filled with war-bred prejudices) will turn him out of office. To appreciate how broad-minded these two last statesmen really are, you should know that kinsmen of both, large landowners in Transylvania, were called before a board of petty Roumanian officials, told that they were stripped of all their estates except three or four hundred acres apiece, and then heard those same officials allot ten thousand of their acres to a Roumanian village, notwithstanding the villagers' loud protests that they only wanted and could only cultivate six hundred acres!

This story explains why the production of grain has been reduced all through that section. This breaking up of large estates and their distribution among small holders, a reform now popular in

many parts of eastern Europe north as well as south, is in practice working badly almost everywhere, except in Denmark, where the intelligence of both the government and the small farmers is causing increased national production. Elsewhere it is reducing production, for the small farmer has neither the equipment, the capital, nor the initiative to cultivate his new holdings to anything like the extent they formerly sustained. Absentee landlordism is a bad thing, but the local agents directing large estates had personal reasons for keeping up production. In southeastern Europe theory and practice are not always next door neighbours!

The Hungarian leaders we have just met are generally considered reactionaries by foreign critics, and yet Hungary is officially on record as more actively seeking renewal of inter-country trade than any of their neighbours but the Czechs.

First let us consider the background against which these Hungarian leaders have emerged. When the Reds under Bela Kun gained control of Budapest and for an hundred days made an economic madhouse (not, as they claimed, a laboratory) of that beautiful city, the Hungarian govern-

ment withdrew to Szegedin, a small provincial centre of about 50,000 inhabitants near the new Jugo-Slav frontier, and there it remained until after the departure homeward of the Roumanian army which theoretically invaded Hungary on the mandate of the League of Nations to oust the Reds.

The fact was that Bela Kun was overthrown in a meeting of his own people, whereupon the League of Nations wired the Roumanian Army to stop at the frontier, but they say they never received the message.

Without striking a blow, they marched to Budapest and took possession. The Hungarians say that the systematic way in which the Roumanians looted the place, made the Red wolves look like lambs. "When the Roumanians arrived there was a full moon, when they left there was none at all," exclaimed a Magyar. General Bandholz, an American officer, was in Budapest with five soldiers. Armed only with a riding crop, he drove from the palace a Roumanian company of would-be looters. To protect the Museum from intended spoliation, he sealed the key-hole of the door with the United States seal and stationed on guard one of his five soldiers. The Rou-

manians finally withdrew from the country, taking with them thousands of Hungarian railway cars filled with loot.

I arrived in Szegedin just before the break of a September day and tried to picture to myself the scene of Hungarian reason installed here with its back against its own frontier, facing unreason ruling at the capital. All military action by the Hungarian government was forbidden by the Allies. At this moment of national despair, the senior Hungarian naval officer, Admiral Horthy, appears and takes command. With such a leader, the result was certain, and the only question was how soon reason would supplant unreason in Budapest. When I saw him in his room at the splendid Hapsburg palace, which from the heights of Buda looks down across the river upon level Pest, the first thing I noticed was his jaw—it looks like the base of a gun turret! If it were not for the keen, kindly eyes and the pleasant expression they and the expressive mouth lend, his face would belong in the prize ring. He is obviously a fighting man, but he has the intelligence to know when to fight. He was full of tales of Magyar prowess, and it was fine to see the pride with which

he told of the 82nd Schikler regiment, 1,200 strong, which when surrounded by 10,000 Russians refused to surrender, but for three days and nights and without food and water, fought on until every one of the gallant 1,200 was dead. But he was statesman enough to realise that, as Hungary was not now armed, no excuse should be given in Burgenland for the Czechs to march down from the north and the Serbs up from the south, so that the Slav corridor, completing on the west the surrounding of Hungary, should become a fait accompli, thus obtaining for them what Versailles refused. He preserved the existence of Hungary when he snuffed out the second Hapsburg invasion before Roumania and Jugo-Slavia had time to move.

We talked of the need of a new Danube customs confederation so that the river might again become an artery of commerce, enabling each of its neighbours freely to exchange their products. To such a Zollverein or customs union to replace that provided by the old empire, he said all of southeastern Europe must now resolutely address itself. His is a striking personality, one of the most so in all Europe. In him one in-

stantly recognises the type which in the Middle Ages must inevitably have founded a dynasty. He is straightforward, simple, and inspires confidence. His is not an easy position. "That chair," said he, pointing to the one at his desk, "is the most uncomfortable one in Europe. I did not want to occupy it, and even after I was selected for that duty was extremely reluctant to accept."

He is Governor and also Regent for a King, Karl Hapsburg, who, when he abdicated, expressly stipulated that it was only until Parliament should recall him. When Karl, misled (so one hears) by certain Paris royalists into believing that the French Government would recognise a completed coup d'état, arrived in Budapest, Horthy was completely surprised. He knew nothing of the King's coming until told he was in the next room! His was then the unpleasant duty of arguing for three long hours with dissatisfied royalty in an effort to convince the latter that the return was untimely. One wonders what would have happened if instead of selecting this clandestine method of arriving or the later bellicose but final one, Karl had waited until St. Stephen's Day and after the Magyar Magnates, in gorgeous array,

had finished their annual march to the coronation church of St. Matthias, crowning the summit of lofty Buda, and were assembled within those ancient walls mutely eloquent of Hapsburg history, he had stepped forward in front of the altar in kingly crown and robes! Might not psychology have effected what secrecy or military effort failed to achieve? one wonders.

The curse of southeastern Europe is the wide popularity of militarism, a luxury denied to Austria and Hungary, each limited to 35,000 troops. If the world has learned anything at all from the war (which is doubtful) it is that a nation armed to the teeth is a dangerous child for its own military chiefs to play with. Loaded guns should not be left lying about, especially among people who for centuries have loved fighting and in whose ancient nomadic blood unrest is inbred. Such folk are not easy to control, even by leaders of their own selection.

Before visiting the new Austria after seeing Hungary, let us turn to view what is going on round about three sides of them, for we may thus gain some hint of what the future holds in store for both Austrians and Hungarians.

The insistent and growing demand for local autonomy of a real character had been so long repressed that it became a habit of mind, and even the break-up of the empire has not satisfied it. The new states of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and the newly-enlarged Roumania are all finding that this demand for local autonomy will not down. Bessarabia, the fertile province transferred from Russia to Roumania, was in such a state of unrest that it was under martial law when I reached Bucharest in September, 1921. When I wanted to travel from that capital to Budapest (which meant passing through Transylvania, lately taken from Hungary and given to Roumania), trouble also broke out there, necessitating the declaration of martial law, so I had to go round to the west by way of Szegedin. On my way across Jugo-Slavia, all the way from the Italian border to Belgrade, for twenty-four hours one constantly saw troops, and Belgrade was full of them. Why?—the war had been over three years.

A few days later, there was an outbreak in Bosnia and Herzegovina, provinces taken from Austria and given to Jugo-Slavia, and there troops were needed. The Croats and Slovenes, well edu-

cated Roman Catholics, but lately added to Jugo-Slavia, are far from satisfied by the treatment they are receiving from the less literate Serbs who are all Greek Catholics. To the north of the present Austria and Hungary, in Czecho-Slovakia, the Ruthenians at the east end are dissatisfied with their new conditions, while in the middle of this new country, the Slovaks complain they are garrisoned by Czechs and that no Slovak soldiers are stationed at home as was originally agreed.

Both Hungary and the new Austria are fortunate in having populations largely homogeneous, but in Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and enlarged Roumania the uncomfortable fact is that the racial minorities are receiving no better treatment than they did under Vienna's rule, and in many cases are worse off than they used to be. Frontier custom houses set up all through the former imperial territory are everywhere proving a most annoying nuisance.

At Szegedin I saw a customs officer examine each paper in a merchant's portfolio and slit open a number of letters that were sealed. How can business be done under such conditions? What is the effect of all this nonsense upon Danube shipping?

I travelled down that river from Belgrade to Turnu-Severin in Roumania, a trip of twenty hours, and saw only two laden barges. An ample fleet of boats once belonging to the Empire lay tied up at Belgrade. They had lately been awarded to Jugo-Slavia as its share of the Austro-Hungarian river shipping, but the Serbs had no organisation for running them, and besides, feared (perhaps advisedly) that if they went down the river into Roumanian territory or up it into Hungarian, they might never come back.

On my way up the Danube from Budapest to Vienna, during the whole twenty-five hours we passed only six loaded cargo boats. As a remedy for this wholesale dislocation of Danube traffic, its widely heralded inter-nationalisation is about as efficacious as one I saw applied for backache in Canton, where in the God of Medicine's temple a believer paid for the privilege of pasting a red prayer on the back of the sacred image!

Internationalising the Danube enables French and English gunboats to ascend the river at will, and has permitted the English to buy control of most of the shipping awarded to Austria, but as a remedy for a disturbed economic condition, it is a

gruesome joke. America's reputation for fair dealing has been greatly enhanced by Walter D. Hines' impartial administration of the difficult task of dividing the Austro-Hungarian shipping among the rival nations, but even his fair distribution of the boats cannot restore former traffic conditions.

What is going to be the remedy that Fate will administer to Magyar and Austrian for their present woes? In Paris and London one hears much of a strengthening reunion later on between Hungary and Austria, but a visit to those two countries soon dispels such notions. The first day I spent in Budapest two sights argued strongly against such a union. Number one was a photograph of Hungarian troops tearing up the railway line between Budapest and Vienna in Burgenland, a westerly Hungarian province awarded by the Trianon Treaty to Austria, to which decision the Burgenlanders were violently opposed. Sight number two was that of the Hungarian Chief of the General Staff who preceded me in seeing the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, and then waited after my call for a more prolonged conference with him. Both those sights spelled armed resistance. Taken together they could hardly be considered as amicable

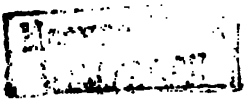
preliminaries to a political or economic alliance! No, a reunion of the Magyars with the German-speaking Austrians, though possible later on, is certainly not on the calendar for an early hearing.

This Burgenland difficulty had a double significance, both of them dangerous. Primarily, it was a territorial dispute between Austria and Hungary, but a glance at the map will show that it likewise concerns a possible "corridor" so connecting the Slav states, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia (they asked for it at Versailles but were refused), that it would make of Hungary a Magyar island in a Slav sea, or, as Budapest puts it, "it would complete our strangulation."

But what can Hungary do? She is allowed equipment only for 35,000 men, while Czecho-Slovakia has 147,000, Roumania 312,000 and Jugo-Slavia 200,000 actually under arms, but with equipment for at least double those numbers. Those are the official figures, but Jugo-Slavia certainly has many more now mobilised, and as for Roumania, I myself saw on my way from Bucharest to Szegedin, squads or platoons of men at all the railway stations most of whom, although supplied with rifles and ammunition belts, wore no uniforms. It looked

like a levy *en masse;* perhaps this was because of martial law just proclaimed in Transylvania plus that already existing in Bessarabia, the two new provinces supposedly delighted by their restoration to the Roumanian homeland! Versailles ethnological experts please take note.

CHAPTER IX: A HOUSE DIVIDED—AUSTRIA



CHAPTER IX

A HOUSE DIVIDED—AUSTRIA

IN the Foreign Office at Vienna, overlooking the famous Ballplatz, is a handsome room in which was held the Vienna Congress of the great Powers in 1815. You are surprised to observe that this room is provided with the unnecessary number of five doors, and when you ask the reason, you are told that none of the five monarchs who attended that Congress was willing to allow any other to precede him into the room, so the five entrances were provided to let all five enter upon exactly equal terms!

Here we have a picture of the attitude of mind of the five countries among whom Versailles divided the territory of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, viz., the new or succession states of Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia. A much smaller portion, Italia Irredenta, was given to Italy. Any one who has recently visited those countries will conclude that it would be well for the present and future of all and

sundry if they would forget the five-doored equality demanded at the Ballplatz and turn toward their common "beautiful blue Danube," which with a little co-operative effort might easily become a river of gold enriching them all.

Great rivers should be considered as arteries of commerce, not as boundaries dividing states or as customs barriers between them or for military defence, which last means more money to support armies than is taken in at the custom houses. Few if any of the world's great watercourses can surpass the Danube in commercial possibilities, navigable as it is all the way from Ulm down to the Black Sea, 1200 miles of waterway, along which before the war travelled a huge annual tonnage now fallen to negligible figures. Formerly there existed something which, in another form, should exist to-day, and which (because politics must ultimately defer to economic laws) will certainly later come into being—a Danube customs confederation. Before the war this commerce-facilitating confederation was called the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but the arbitrary and selfish manner in which the Hapsburgs ruled it from Vienna made its fall certain. Everywhere one heard the prediction that,

To General Sherrill
with his best compliments

Vienna Oct. 5th 21. Seipel
federal chancellor

notwithstanding the free interchange of commodities which the Empire permitted, it would not long outlast the aged Emperor, and could not be handed on by him as an enduring heritage to any other Hapsburg. By a grim freak of history, it was inside the Empire itself and in its latest seized province that flamed up the spark of war destined to destroy that old Danube Confederation, the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Then it comprised a wide coterminous territory of 388,812 square miles with a population of 41 millions, but now the dual monarchy's name is borne only by shrunken Austria with but six million people, and its unfriendly neighbour Hungary with its seven million, eight hundred thousand. To the north of them, shutting off for the most part their old masterful ally, Germany, is Czecho-Slovakia, whose fourteen millions possess within their borders nearly eighty per cent of the business formerly enjoyed by the whole Empire. To the south and east of Austria and Hungary lie Roumania (17,000,000) and Jugo-Slavia (14,000,000,) both of which, though previously existing (the latter as Serbia), are now notably enlarged by huge areas of fertile plains taken from the old empire by the Versailles geography-tinkers.

Why did this ancient empire break up—was it due, as its former ruling caste claims, only to the fortune of war, or was the fault partly or largely theirs? Why was there reversed the obvious economic demand that the tribes, originally nomadic, living about the Danube, should have the freest possible intercommunication, undisturbed by the rivalry of soi-disant patriotic militarists or by commerce-interrupting customs officials? A traveller to-day through that much disturbed area will hear conflicting answers to those questions, each side flatly contradicting the other, always with abundant proof available. If the traveller be an American, he will be struck by the fact that each country or section or tribe will insist that a complete remedy for its present unsatisfactory conditions (for all are dissatisfied) would be afforded by a rectification of its boundaries, which means "give me some more territory" or "give me back some." It is as if a New Yorker should say that his local problem of labour unemployment could be solved by giving his State a corner of Connecticut or a slice of Pennsylvania! Always and everywhere, they talk boundaries first, and only secondly do they come down to economics. After this traveller has had

time to digest the differing impressions he has received and conflicting claims he has heard, he is apt to conclude that one of the chief disruptive factors in the old empire was absentee landlordism, plus the system under which those landlords farmed their land. Great estates existed in all parts of the empire but almost never did their owner personally manage them or try to keep in touch with both the land and its people. In England, large landed estates carry responsibility for the welfare of the tenantry, but in Austro-Hungary the rule was to farm such properties through managers, frequently Jews, who after securing therefrom the required income for the owner, saw to it that they themselves also profited from the tenants.

Just as there was absentee landlordism for most of the large estates, so there was lack of sufficient autonomy for almost all the many races comprising that heterogeneous empire. All this made for large and brilliant capitals at Vienna and Budapest, but out on the broad fertile plains it caused unrest, which in an intellectual centre, like Prague, could not but lead thinking men towards growing demands for autonomy, and real autonomy at that. Even if there had come no world war, the steady

development of such disruptive forces within the empire would certainly have destroyed it. It was over-organised from above. That clever Roumanian, Take Jonescu, was entirely right in saying that there was no Austrian nation, but only an Austrian governing class!

Austria, that hydrocephalous country, all head with no supporting members, Vienna stripped of tributary provinces, reduced to a population of six millions, is as radical according to these same foreign critics as they consider their Hungarian neighbours to be reactionary. Several grains of salt can safely be added to both these critical statements. It is true that inside Vienna radicalism is predominant, but the opposite is true outside the city limits.

And what of the political leaders of the new government? Certainly there was no place in the ultra-conservative hierarchy of imperial Austria for even so moderate a radical as President Hainisch of the new republic. Not only did he hold advanced views on agrarianism, but he bought a small farm in Styria and practised what he preached. He wrote things which were considered socialistic because they were ahead of the times in a country where the Hapsburgs were constantly setting back

the clock. But viewed in the light of the present day, his old radicalism looks as conservative as do the once dreaded progressive doctrines of Roosevelt. The world has moved onward, passing old landmarks.

It may be objected that it is a waste of time to study the personality of any incumbent of that denatured office, the Austrian Presidency, since he is only a figurehead, possessing little power, not even that of selecting the Cabinet as does his old personal friend, President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia. Well, if that statement be true (but again we recommend recourse to the salt cellar), then they could not have chosen a better figurehead, for President Hainisch is one of the most distinguished looking officials in all Europe. His high-browed, strong featured head with its iron grey hair and beard express the intellectuality of the man. And with this appearance, goes a grave courtesy not at all modern.

On the subject of whether the future of Austria pointed toward absorption into Germany or adherence to an economic re-grouping of Danube states, he was diplomatically uncommunicative, but on his desk laid a coloured map showing the lan-

guage demarkations of European peoples—almost all Austrians speak German. They undoubtedly wish to be united to Germany, and it required stringent interdict by the Allies to prevent their holding a plebiscite thereon, which it is generally believed would have gone heavily in favour of such a union. And would such a result have really been so unfortunate for the Allies?

Let us see. Is it not true that the future danger for France lies not so much in Germany, as in a continued leadership of its aggressive elements by that arch aggressor, Prussian militarism? If that be so, how better can Prussia's influence within the Empire be combated than by admitting these six million Austrians who, as Roman Catholics, would side with their co-religionists, the Bavarians, and other south Germans against the Lutherans of Prussia and north Germany? Furthermore, there are many Frenchmen who believe there is danger of Austria uniting with Hungary and thus reinforcing the wedge already driven between the northern and southern parts of those two dams running east and west across southeastern Europe called the "Petite Entente." This danger (although the writer does not believe in it) would also be elimi-

nated by allowing Austria to unite with Germany. Also it would mean that Hungary, left to herself, and realising that the Danube connects her with the economic future of the Petite Entente, would then enter into renewed business relations with those States, sure to lessen the present strained political conditions. Also it would relieve the Allies of that difficult problem—setting Austria back on her financial feet and keeping her there.

President Hainisch became really eloquent when discussing his favourite policy, the development of Austria's idle wealth of natural resources. Less than five years of such a policy would, said he, surely restore her to a sound financial basis. Only now is she beginning to realise that within her borders there is undeveloped water power estimated at two million horse power, and abundant brown coal, which although inferior to Silesian coal, nevertheless finds a ready market. Within the past year aluminum has been discovered and is being marketed in large quantities, while new deposits of kaolin are causing the erection of numerous porcelain factories. He pointed out that Austria, even within her present shrunken boundaries, has greater resources than rich, self-reliant Switzer-

land. Also he insisted that it was not chance that made Vienna the great mid-European capital, since it is the natural transportation centre both of rail and river, the railway connecting it with the North Sea, the Baltic and the Adriatic, while the Danube provides communication with the Balkan States and the Black Sea.

And here is another acid test for the allegation that new Austria should be suspected because she is too radical. Whom did she select as her Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs in these days of social unrest throughout Europe, to say nothing of incipient bolshevism?—none other than the widely respected chief of Vienna's efficient police force. How can a man, heading a government that demands order in days when disorder is so ready to break loose, be considered a dangerous radical, even if his personal politics are believed to face forward instead of backward?

Short, stocky, with closely cropped grey hair standing erect, his manner pleasant but never expansive, Chancellor Schober retains in his present elevated post the popular approval he earned in his former office. He, too, is very earnest in his belief that Austria's own resources are to prove her salva-

tion, and he is both willing and anxious to sustain that belief by reciting recent facts showing how seriously her people are addressing themselves to that task. He is thoroughly convinced that Vienna, long queen of the Danube, must lead in the effort to make this mighty stream once more an artery of commerce. He argued that the merchants and bankers of Vienna have so long enjoyed an unrivalled knowledge of the Balkan markets and how to supply their needs that with some adjustment of the new customs restrictions everywhere prevailing, Vienna will surely regain her pre-war trade predominance. He is too good a politician openly to espouse allegiance to a new Danube confederation as opposed to alliance with Germany, because that would mean an irreparable break with the Pan-German delegates in his Parliament. He believes that the question of how Austria will finally align herself must be decided by future Parliaments and their leaders, but that the pressing need of to-day is the development of Austria's natural resources and the reopening of markets for her products up and down the Danube. Both President Hainisch and Chancellor Schober speak English, but the latter is more fluent, perhaps be-

cause he was always the police official placed in charge at Marienbad when King Edward of England visited that spa.

The war seems to have left no marks on Vienna. Berlin is obviously sobered and impoverished, but the ancient Austrian capital seems gayer than ever it was. The great depreciation in value of the crown causes want and suffering among certain classes, notably those living on fixed incomes, but their withdrawal from the city's street life is not noticeable to tourists. When I was there the banks gave you 2800 crowns for a dollar, and although prices had risen greatly from the old days, they were nevertheless ridiculously cheap if translated into American money. A bedroom and bathroom at one of the best hotels cost ninety cents a day. The cab to the American Mission offices was about 3½ cents. A good luncheon cost 9 cents, and I had to visit five restaurants before finding a seat, so greatly were they all crowded. At Budapest things were even cheaper. A large double bedroom and bathroom at one of the great hotels overlooking the Danube cost 60 cents. A ticket on the Danube boat from Budapest to Vienna, including

a private cabin, cost 36 cents—a trip of twenty-five hours!

The people who used to have money no longer have it, while many who had nothing have profited from war contracts, and are spending their profits. All who work with their hands are well paid, but woe to him who doesn't work but tries to live on a fixed income. The spirit of the times seems to say that if a man doesn't work, why worry about him? Let the drones die! Here is a phenomenon seen all over the Continent,—that millions of Europeans have been killed or have died of war's privations, and yet houses are everywhere lacking, and trains, boats and hotels crowded. The fact is that there has been an upheaval in the lower strata of society, beginning at the very bottom. Families accustomed to live in one room, demand more space. Villagers formerly taking in boarders now occupy their entire cottage, and so it goes. Nowhere is this upheaval more noticeable than in Vienna, where the crowded streets, shops, restaurants and hotels show throngs of smiling, happy people enjoying themselves. The proletariat seems to have come into its own. The country is nearly bankrupt but the citizens show no signs of it.

There is no finer capital in Europe than Vienna and certainly none of them seemed gayer than it during the autumn of 1921.

In conclusion, let us say that it does not require a long stay in Budapest and Vienna to convince an American that no business is more pressing for the various states once forming the Austro-Hungarian Empire than the reopening of the old markets for the interchange of their products now cut off from each other by throngs of customs officials circling the new frontiers. They should all recognise that interdependence pays better than excessive independence, but they do not. Very much the opposite; in fact, the disheartening way in which each is holding back in the hope that others will open their markets without his doing the same is well represented by the following story told me one day at the Foreign Office in Vienna by a prominent Austrian banker. Once upon a time there was a village priest so beloved by his flock that they decided to present him with a barrel of wine. The barrel was sent around the village so that each householder could pour into it two litres of wine. When full, the barrel was delivered to the priest with due ceremony and speech making. Much overcome by the

honour, he declared he must drink the first glass to the health of the village. He turned the tap and out came pure water! Each villager had thought that every other would surely contribute wine and so two litres of water from himself would not be noticed!

This shows the attitude of mind to-day entertained by all the autonomous states released by the overthrow of the Austro-Hungarian Ausgleich or Compromise. Each wants all economic barriers thrown down but his own, but until it is done by all, and they regain the free interchange of their products the future is dark for all of them. As the banker was telling me this simple village tale, I chanced to glance up at the portrait of Metternich painted by Lawrence during the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and it seemed to me that there came an appreciative smile upon the face of that master of playing off political units one against the other!

When unselfish statesmanship among all these succession states shall bring about renewed barter of commodities, and respect for rights of minorities shall equal their general demand for local autonomy, then the common lot of all those who were once ruled by the Hapsburgs will be happier than

ever before, because the natural riches of their grain-bearing plains, of their mines, their forests and their factories far exceed the knowledge of the outside world to-day. In that happy day there will once more come into its own Hungary with its vigorous Magyar self-reliance, and Austria directed by the business brains centred in Vienna, so long the economic capital of all southeastern Europe.

CHAPTER X: VENIZELOS, THE WANING TURK AND THE CHANGED MEDITERRANEAN

CHAPTER X

VENIZELOS, THE WANING TURK AND THE CHANGED MEDITERRANEAN

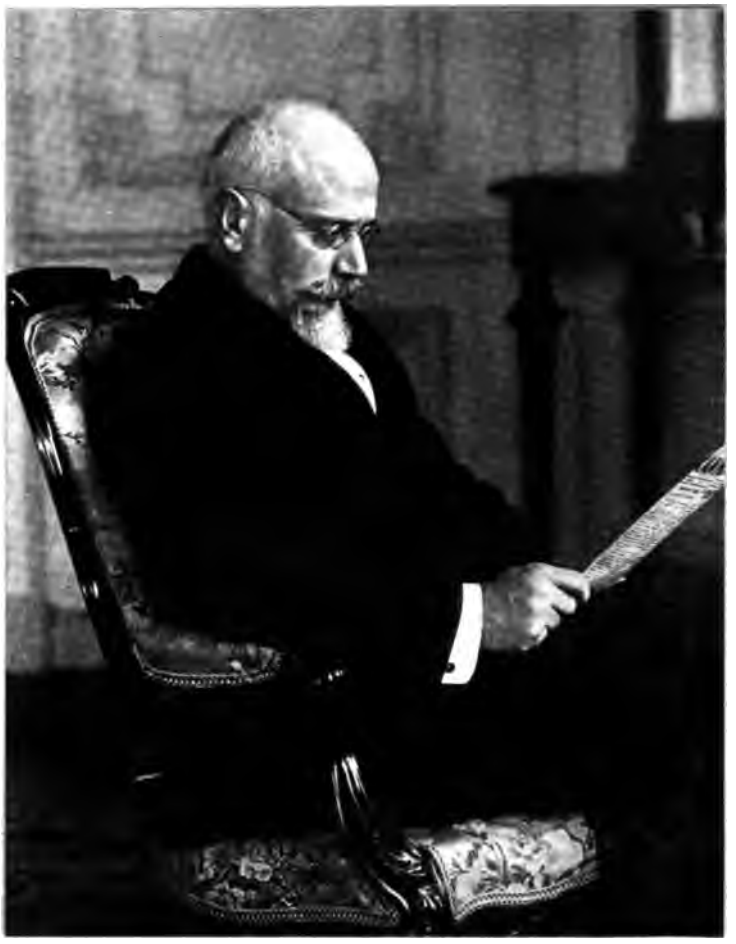
IN this year of our Lord, 1922, all roads lead to America. Famous men, statesmen, soldiers, artists, all have come to view the United States and to receive their welcome. And as a private gentleman, without any official claims on his sight-seeing time, came Eleutherios Venizelos, Eleutherios the Liberator, the Greek statesman whose conduct in the Turkish war against Greece in 1897—the first war won by the Turks against any Christian Power for some two centuries—touched the hearts and inflamed the imaginations of our people.

Although but fifty-seven years old, this eminent Greek, hale as he is, and with his features left practically unfurrowed by the troubles of his beloved land, nevertheless would be taken for ten years older. The signs of age in him are premature, and doubtless for a decade to come he will look very much as he does to-day.

In June, 1921, several months before he sailed for America, I talked with Venizelos in his rooms at the Carlton Hotel in Paris. Already he was looking forward to the time when he should be able to satisfy his curiosity about America, when he should meet face to face great Americans who had written encouraging letters to him, and finally when he should greet the American-Greeks who are opposed to King Constantine and who are enthusiastic admirers of the fallen minister.

The adverse elections of November 15, 1920, which cast Venizelos out of power did not deprive him of the will or means to labour for his country. In London, in Paris, in Rome and later in the United States his first thought is for Greece, and he is always pleading the Greek cause as earnestly now as when he was in political control of his government.

When I remarked upon this loyalty of his to an administration which superseded his own, he replied with evident surprise: "But why shouldn't a Greek continue to work for Greece, no matter what the state of public opinion there?" He seemed to entertain no resentment at having lost the approval of the Greek suffrage. "What was



To Brigadier General Charles H. Sherrill

E. H. Venisch

June 20th, 1921

to be expected?" said he. "The other side could promise everything, especially demobilisation, whilst I could promise nothing, but must even insist upon Greece remaining under arms, a necessity which, even after the opposition's victory, had to be recognised, so that we are still mobilised, and my Asia Minor policy is being followed."

With such a man in either the foreground or background of Mediterranean affairs, highly respected in both London and Paris, Greece has always an anchor to windward, no matter whence or whither the winds of Europe may blow. And how uncertain was for a long time the swing in Greek politics appears from the following anecdote:

Early in 1917 a Greek merchant left in a Brindisi warehouse three large cases which he had brought from Paris, but feared to send on to Greece because of submarines. He said they contained works of art of a readily salable character and that he would soon return and take them with him to Athens. After waiting three years the owner of the warehouse decided the time had come to open the cases and sell their contents to pay the warehouse fees. He found a large number of

double-faced picture frames, all alike, and each frame containing two pictures, back to back, one of Venizelos and one of King Constantine! The Greek merchant evidently knew the political psychology of his countrymen, and had his reasons for saying the pictures were readily salable.

From this dominating Greek statesman as from his political opponents, Gounaris, Prime Minister, and Baltazzi, the Minister for Foreign Affairs under King Constantine, one hears the same phrase: *"les Turcs s'en vont et il faut que les Grecques les remplacent"* (the Turks are on the wane and their place must be taken by the Greeks). Such a point of view, to-day so unanimously entertained by the Greeks of all factions, is much more far-reaching than at first appears.

When I talked with Mr. Baltazzi, a plump person of medium height portentously solemn in manner and speech, this waning of the Turks alone seemed to rouse him from placidity. It was with decided animation that he traced the movements of the Turkish wave since in the Middle Ages it rolled up to the gates of Vienna threatening to overrun Europe. "It has long been receding, and now the tide is going out," he said. He realised,

however, that thanks to the northwesterly expansion of the south Slav state of Serbia (through its acquisition of Croatia and Slovenia), and also by the erection of that other Slav State, Czecho-Slovakia, the Slav wave in southeastern Europe is to-day almost as near Vienna as came the highest tide of the Turks.

But this pleased him as meaning a Slav swing away from the Mediterranean. Proceeding, he pointed out that the presence at Baku of an important Turk like Enver Pasha aiding the Russians in their attempt to bolshevise Persia and Afghanistan as an anti-British move, and also the treaty between the Soviets and the Angora Turks meant that the undertow of the Turkish wave was uniting with the rising Slav tide. "Always the Russians have been expansionists," said he, "and always they will continue so, whether Russia be Tsarist or republican or Soviet. They have always opposed the English and they have always wanted Constantinople; what is in the blood of a people will come out, no matter what be the type of their leaders."

Especially did his colleague Mr. Gounaris the Prime Minister place accent on the Greeks being a seafaring folk, that their natural tendency was not

to concern themselves with Balkan problems to their north, but always to look upon and across the sea, and there to seek their national expansion. Gounaris and Baltazzi seen together form a striking contrast. They certainly are "the long and the short of it"! We have seen that Baltazzi is cast in a small plump mould. Gounaris is a tall, long-limbed, powerfully built figure, with a pointed iron-grey beard. Though his manner is lazy, even lounging, his sharp eyes are not.

With the Greek planning additional Asia Minor colonies, with the Adriatic become an Italian lake closeable at will, with the Turk under supervision at Constantinople, the Mediterranean sea enters upon a change in conditions almost as great as those which ensued when the fabled Europa traversed it safely on Jove's back and united Europe with Asia.

The most dramatic change is, of course, the waning of the Turk; a fate that he has been staving off since the reign of Mahmoud the Reformer in the early part of the nineteenth century down throughout the thirty years' reign of Abdul Hamid who ascended the throne in 1876. Their policy and that of the succeeding Ottoman Sul-

tans had been to give at least a Western façade to their empire.

What Abdul Hamid foresaw even before his own downfall has come to pass, but in a way he never dreamed of. Along with a growth of the nationalist movement subject race after subject race successively reached final emancipation from the Turkish rule until a mere remnant of the supremacy of the ruling race in Turkey was left for the Great War to destroy.

Just when the Mediterranean seemed about to become a backwater, then, presto! the Suez Canal was dug and the quickest route from Europe to the Far East brought back to this historic inland sea that swing of sea-borne commerce just preparing to desert it. Since that event the political history and balance of the Mediterranean altered but little, and that slowly, until the Great War. Since that world convulsion has subsided, a considerable change has come over the face of events in the Mediterranean. The territorial changes are known to all, but there have been others equally significant if not so obvious,—changes less of physical than of mental and political geography,

and it is these which the writer purposes to outline.

Certain world-wide tendencies have had a special local repercussion on the shores of the Mediterranean. Great Britain has long been the world's greatest Mussulman power, its only serious rival being Russia, also master of territory in Asia where that religion had its strongest hold. And what is the changed position of England in this regard since the war?—for changed it is, and seriously, too. There is trouble for her with her Mahomedan populations in India, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, whilst her prestige with Mussulmen in Persia and Afghanistan has been seriously impaired. Before the war one of the chief ambitions of that histrionic artist, the Kaiser, was to win for himself that political power as leader of the Faithful in the Near East which the English had so long enjoyed.

The war has not only swept away the Kaiser and brought on trouble for the English with many followers of the Prophet, but also it has unveiled a growing fact hitherto unnoticed, i.e., the excellent relations everywhere existing between the French and peoples of the Mussulman faith. Their success

in this regard, especially in their new relations with Syria, calls our attention to the fact that while the Prophet's followers in many lands are making trouble for the English, nowhere are they troublesome in French possessions, not in Syria, nor in Madagascar, nor in Tunis, nor Algeria, nor Morocco. We rub our eyes with astonishment, and yet are forced to admit that to-day the most successful Mussulman power is undoubtedly France. When one stops to consider this new fact, and also that the Mahomedan faith predominates along the whole southerly half and the eastern end of the Mediterranean, one suddenly realises the importance of this change in mental geography.

Another great war-made change is that the Adriatic has become an Italian lake, which has a twofold effect upon the Mediterranean, both important. Firstly, this means that for the future Italy is less vulnerable to a great naval power, because by closing the entrance to the Adriatic she can be attacked only on the western side by enemy warships, so that her fleet has but one side of the peninsula to defend instead of two. Also this means that England's influence is by so much lessened over Italy, and freer scope is given to the

policy of those Italians who favour and have always favoured closer relations with Germany.

Marquis della Torretta, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, is one of these. A keen Sicilian, slender, short of stature, quick of eye and act, trained in the older school of diplomacy, he has lately by his successful mediation at Venice between Hungary and Austria, gained a great personal prestige. This prestige will certainly aid him to further diplomatic success if and when a common frontier can be established between Italy and Germany by western Austria joining Germany, to carry forward that dream of many pro-German Italians,—an Italo-German corridor straight up through the middle of Europe, down which should drain a vast commerce greatly enriching the Italian port of Trieste.

Followers of that grand old man of Italian politics, Giolitti, have long favoured such a development, but of the master himself it is said that he is less pro-German now than he was before and during the war. In the late spring of 1921, Giolitti, fatigued by the strain of leadership, availed himself of a parliamentary vote criticising his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Sforza, as an

excuse for resigning. Even his enemies in the Italian parliament hastened to explain they had not meant to attack Giolitti, but he insisted upon withdrawing to take a well-earned rest in his beloved hill country above Turin. It is appropriate here to repeat that in a conversation which I had at 10 Downing Street, London, with Mr. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, the day after Giolitti's resignation, he suddenly exclaimed: "You are meeting all the Prime Ministers of Europe for your book, well, don't fail to meet Giolitti, he is the best of us all." Such an appreciation of the Italian statesman by so keen a political observer as the versatile Welshman now governing Great Britain struck me as most significant. To my comment that Mr. Giolitti was no longer a Prime Minister Mr. Lloyd George retorted, "Well, he will be Prime Minister again when he has had enough vacation."

Both the Italian Prime Minister, Bonomi, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs are by political affiliation, friendly to Giolitti. The former, a big, sturdy Milanese, was active in parliamentary circles before he succeeded Giolitti as Prime Minister, having served with him in several Cabinets,

and had excellent training through his editorship of the important Roman newspaper *Avanti*. The Pan-Italian dream of Cavour is well personified in this pair of cabinet leaders, a combination of the big framed handsome Prime Minister from the extreme north of the peninsula, with the slender, short, sharp brained and featured Sicilian. So well are they carrying on the discharge of their duties that gossip says Giolitti believes that they are doing too well!

It was the naval power of England (plus the diplomatic skill of Barrère, the French Ambassador) that lifted Italy out of the Triple Entente, and ranged her alongside the Allies against Germany, but if, by reason of the Adriatic becoming an Italian lake closeable at will, Italy need only protect her western coast, where will Italy be found in the next great European outbreak?—who shall say?

We spoke of this as a "Firstly" resultant upon Italy acquiring control of the Adriatic—the Secondly is that this very control has set solidly against Italy that greatly increased Balkan power, Serbia, now grown into the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. This new factor of strength

in southeastern Europe is forced by Italy's control of the Adriatic to face inward upon Eastern Europe, perhaps to join in a new customs confederation using the Danube as its commercial artery. Anyway it eliminates, at least temporarily, the Balkans from the Mediterranean, and to that extent makes life easier for the newly-expanded Greece.

Meanwhile, the delimiting of "spheres of influence" in the Near East is proceeding right merrily, and slices of Turkey in Asia Minor are being distributed to Greece, Italy, France and England. This is, of course, very gratifying to the nationals of those four countries, but it means many new customs frontiers and custom houses, and also the economic competition of those four peoples brought into the closest possible contact and friction upon that historic scene of centuries-long conflict. Any one who has travelled down to Constantinople through the five new or enlarged "Succession States" once belonging to that Danube customs union called the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and sees the economic disarray there caused by frequent custom houses at many frontiers, cannot help but wonder if the trade of the

Near East, lately all under Turkish rule, is not going to be similarly dislocated by its territory splitting up into "spheres of influence" among four competing powers. If the observer be an American, he will at least be comforted by the thought that we have not been drawn into it by taking over Constantinople.

More than once during my visit to Balkan capitals, did I hear regret expressed by statesmen that when Constantinople was offered to President Wilson at Versailles, American public opinion did not endorse its acceptance. They all seemed to feel that this disposition of the Golden Horn would have removed from European politics an apple of discord and a bone of contention. At present it seems rather like Mahomet's coffin, suspended half-way between the material fate of falling as loot to one of the victorious Allies, and that superior condition of a "protected" internationalisation.

There is no doubt that Russia, no matter what form of government she assumes, will continue to press for an opening of the Straits so as to give her access to the Mediterranean. It is to be hoped by all lovers of international peace intelligent enough to recognise economic facts that the Straits

will be kept open to all and sundry, no matter which flag flies over Constantinople.

The Turks, like the Austrians, were a governing class rather than a nation, but the power of both has been broken as a penalty for betting on the wrong horse in the World War. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, split up into autonomous parts, will one day, perhaps soon, be replaced by a Danube customs confederation of sovereign states: will a similar fate befall those lands once forming the Turkish Empire? It seems more than doubtful, because in the latter case it will not be sovereign states arranging mutual trade accommodation all along the Danube, but competing commercial nations exploiting separated though adjacent colonial dependencies.

The Turk as a Governor has been eliminated, while the centre of commercial rivalry in the Mediterranean has been moved further east than for centuries, and at the same time the competitors are drawn geographically closer together than ever before. It will be interesting to an outsider like America to see how the new Near East cockpit of commercial competition is going to work

out, especially with the leaven of new nationalism fermenting so actively in nearby Egypt.

It is an obvious conclusion anent the new Mediterranean that the war has materially altered the old international balance around it. France, her hold upon the westerly half of the African foreshore strengthened, has increased her holdings of Mussulman peoples by accepting the Syrian mandate. Even greater significance must be attached to the fact unveiled by the War's changes that France has become the most successful of all Mussulman powers, for this bids fair to mean even more in the world of to-morrow than it does to-day.

Italy has gained a sturdier independence by controlling the Adriatic, because she can thus prevent any attack on her backdoor, and no longer need divide her fleet to defend both sides of her long peninsula.

Greece has increased greatly in territory, and especially by stepping over onto the nearby mainland of Asia. Her expansion is, by reason of a limited population, less significant than is the recession of the Turk as Governor, coupled with that of their combination with their ancient foes the Russians. This strange amalgam, however,

seems likely to make itself first felt in southeastern Europe rather than upon the shores of the Mediterranean.

England alone of all the Mediterranean powers is not so well off as before the war, for although she has gained in Asia Minor, and though her protectorate of Egypt has thrown off even nominal sovereignty to the Sultan, still England's former complete security in the Nile valley and along the Suez Canal was preferable to the present ominous unrest there prevailing. Also, she cannot avoid recognising the new and highly significant fact that France has replaced her in that which the Kaiser so greatly coveted—outstanding prestige with Mahomedanism, so powerful a faith throughout all the southern and eastern littoral of the great inland sea.

A new era dawns for the Mediterranean and the peoples living on its shores, an era that must recall that when it formed the centre of the civilised world. The new era bids fair to equal the ancient one in power if not in splendour.

Here rose and fell the Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Romans—a long parade of great powers, each growing and blossom-

ing only to fade before other newer and sturdier varieties of the genus homo. These forces were not always physical, for the faith of Moses and Mahomet were born here, and from the shores of this wide inland sea there sprang that greatest of all appeals from the material to the spiritual—the Christian religion.

CHAPTER XI: FAR-EASTERN POSTSCRIPT

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FAR-EASTERN POSTSCRIPT

THE Foreign Office in Tokyo, the Japanese capital, is called the Gaimusho, and chronic warmongers (of whom there is lately an overproduction) impute to it as much fiendish mystery and bloodcurdling plots as used to be portioned out to 74 Wilhelmstrasse, the Berlin Foreign Office. Descending from the upper ether of novel-writing imagination to mere facts, the Gaimusho is a modern building of modest occidental architecture, sufficiently roomy for its purpose without being too spacious, handsome but not showy, a respectable but not an impressive edifice. It stands in its own grounds a little back from a wide avenue not far from the Imperial Palace, and just to its left as you enter the street gates is the official residence of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. That dignitary, Viscount Uchida, is a solidly built man of average height, silent even for a Japanese, and of a pleasant but singularly unexpressive countenance. That does not mean that

he has what we call a "poker face," for I take that to signify one of temporary immobility but which at the same time notifies you its owner is being astute. No, Uchida's face shows placid unemotion, pleasantly reflected. He is something of a political mystery to many Japanese, for during my lengthy stay in Japan they were constantly expecting him to lose office—only he didn't and he doesn't! What little he says is politely and clearly decided; he evidently knows his own mind, and knows it promptly. His charming wife is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and roomed there with an old friend of ours. The Viscountess when an undergraduate was injured one day while practising diving in the college swimming pool, and she spoke with much emotion of how thoughtfully her American girl friends had kept her sick room bright with flowers until her recovery.

There is no danger of my ever forgetting my last visit to the Gaimusho, which was upon the occasion of a dinner given my wife and myself, December 27, 1919, by Viscount Uchida, then and still head of the Foreign Office.

After the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room and left us in the dining-room, an interesting con-

To Hon. C. H. Sherrill,
with the high respect and warm wishes
of an admiring friend,

F. G. Linder.

June 1916

versation ensued between the distinguished Japanese sitting around the table, among whom were, in addition to the host, Mr. Hanihara (Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs), Viscount Ishii (formerly and now again Ambassador to Paris), Viscount Kaneko of the Imperial Privy Council, Mr. Inouye (President of the Bank of Japan), etc. It was good talk, fairly conducted, and worth a long sea voyage to hear. Just at its height an attendant brought word that the Imperial Hotel was on fire! My little son was asleep in that hotel and that is why there is burned into my memory all the incidents of that night,—our sudden departure from the Gaimusho, the rush by automobile to the blazing building, and the tremendous relief at seeing our dear boy seated on a bag at the door. Thanks to a sudden change in the wind, and also to the efficiency of the coolly handled fire department, part of the hotel was saved, so we slept there instead of accepting Viscount Uchida's courteous telephone offer of quarters at the Gaimusho.

Equally well shall I always remember the thoughtful assistance rendered us that night by Mr. Hanihara, the Vice Minister. I had first heard of him six months earlier while crossing from San

Francisco to Honolulu. Said a passenger on board the steamer, "The two best men in Japan for getting things done are the Hara brothers," and then he laughed. When I enquired the reason for his mirth, he replied, "I meant Shidehara and Hanihara, both officials at the Foreign Office and equally efficient, but no kin to each other, and quite dissimilar physically as well as mentally." His remark came back to me when six weeks later, on board a steamer going from Honolulu to Yokohama, we received news by wireless that Mr. Shidehara, Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs, had been appointed Ambassador to Washington. On reaching Tokyo I was not long in learning how true was my friend's comment upon both Shidehara and Hanihara. The former, a well-built figure, large for a Japanese, and much larger than the latter, showed that he would succeed in Washington because obviously he possessed a trait which is the sine qua non of every true diplomat—the ability to inspire confidence. Everybody likes to be a successful prophet, so I take great pleasure in recalling that my prediction of Shidehara's success in America has come true.

He was succeeded as Vice Minister by Hanihara, who had spent many years in Washington as Sec-

tary of Embassy, and was a very popular member of the Metropolitan Club. Also he spent some months in California studying their land laws affecting Japanese aliens, and this I regret because I attach less importance to a few thousand Japanese labourers living away from home than to a policy of large co-operation in the development of Asian trade by Japanese and Americans working on a 50-50 basis. That policy is now being pushed by many big American companies regardless of any government support. It was by act of God that the Japanese were placed alongside the Asian coast, whose markets as fellow orientals they understand far better than we westerners ever will. They need our unlimited capital and business methods, and we need their knowledge of market conditions differing so widely from anything we know. As partners we will win great success, and with that success would come the laying of so dangerous a ghost as war between our two nations. It is not out of place here parenthetically to remark that it will be a great disappointment to many of our European friends if this war does not take place!

Japan has her yellow press, just as we have, and both are equally yellow! Also let me take this op-

portunity to record my opinion that the only really dangerous Yellow Peril now confronting us on the Pacific is this same yellow press of the United States and Japan. If it were possible to curb their "scare stories," public opinion, especially in our western states would not be so subject to intermittent fever. Chief among the friendly factors working in Japan for better relations with us and against this sensational journalism is that veteran diplomat Viscount Kaneko, a Harvard graduate and long one of the Imperial Privy Council. Without either he or his government realising it, he is an excellent barometer of official Japanese opinion regarding America; when he is being consulted by the authorities, then officialdom is feeling friendly toward us: when he is not, then the militarists are having their day.

Kaneko enjoyed the friendship and confidence of President Roosevelt to an unusual extent, and my authority for that statement was Roosevelt himself. One day at Oyster Bay, years after the Russo-Japanese War had passed into history, Colonel Roosevelt told me the whole story of his intervention in that conflict, and especially of the episode when an impasse had been reached because

Japan insisted on a cash indemnity which Russia refused to pay. He had bridged the abyss between them by suggesting that if Japan would cancel her indemnity demand, he would recognise her suzerainty over Korea and withdraw the American Minister from Seoul, the Korean capital. He trusted Kaneko, and it was through him that those negotiations were successfully conducted.

Viscount Kaneko is a man who inspires friendship and confidence, and as such he was recognised by the great Emperor, Mutsuhito. Among other traits, the Emperor was conspicuous for his remarkable memory for details. One day His Majesty said to Viscount Kaneko that just before Commodore Perry left Japan, he made many presents, among them certain specimens of fine Oregon pine which the Emperor now desired to present to Viscount Kaneko. The custodians of the Imperial storehouses had forgotten all about the existence of these specimens but finally the Imperial memory was justified and they were found. Kaneko turned them over to the most gifted maker of lacquer, who after ten years of continuous effort, has produced from them a remarkable set of writing cases, etc., now loaned for exhibition to the Imperial

Museum at Tokyo by their proud possessor. Particularly happy is the manner in which the artist hints at the Stars and Stripes in his decoration by scattering stars between rays of the Rising Sun.

Every foreigner who visits Japan becomes well acquainted with the graceful crest of the Tokugawa Shoguns—three asarum leaves within a golden circlet—the insignia of a mighty family that governed Japan for nearly 300 years. The last of this long line of Shoguns resigned his power in October, 1867, and it is his son Prince Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers in the Japanese Parliament, who headed his country's delegation at the recent Washington Conference. This distinguished statesman possesses a useful combination of amiability and astuteness, both fortunately arrayed on the side of international peace. To him is largely due the excellent impression upon world public opinion created by the Japanese representatives at Washington. Everywhere he surprised and pleased the Americans he met by his frankness. During the closing days of the conference, he slipped over to New York for one evening to attend a dinner in his honour, and to the American friends of Japan there assembled he made an amazingly

direct statement of his country's attitude at the conference. "All news and no fireworks," remarked a newspaper owner to me after the Prince had finished speaking. The straightforward simplicity of the man stood out in picturesquely bold relief against the background of three centuries of his ancestors' despotic rule in the secluded Island Kingdom that Japan once was. No other country in the world can show such an up-to-date representative of so powerful an ancient family, nor one who takes so active and useful a part in the modern affairs of its government.

The Japanese Foreign Office is peculiarly well equipped in the personnel of its representatives abroad. Home politics are not allowed to overrule efficient records in their selection, which is a novel thought to an American. This does not mean that Japanese chefs de mission are apt to be all of one type, for they differ among themselves more than do the diplomats of almost any other nation. In the matter of inspiring confidence (upon which I lay perhaps undue emphasis) the best of them all is my old friend Count Chinda, who served with so much distinction at the Embassies in Washington, Paris, and London, etc., and has lately rounded

out his fine career as head of the mission accompanying His Imperial Highness, Crown Prince Hirohito upon his recent visit to Europe. The young Crown Prince made an admirable impression wherever he went. When I was privileged to be presented to him in Paris, he surprised me by the excellence of his French. But most surprising was the democratic attitude he took not only with foreigners but also with the Japanese sailors on the battleship which conveyed him abroad. This fact was frequently reported to the Japanese press at home, and created a deep impression difficult for us to understand, who do not realise the religious veneration felt by the Japanese for the family which has governed them for 2500 years. Soon after the return home of the Crown Prince, he was appointed Prince Regent because of the continued ill health of the Emperor. For this post of great responsibility the European trip must have afforded a valuable preparation. It is a satisfaction to Americans and Europeans alike to learn from press announcements that the Prince Regent has selected as his adviser Count Chinda, already the Chief Chamberlain of his household. This means that there will always be available for the active chief of the

Japanese government the counsels of one who understands the points of view upon matters international entertained by the great nations of the West.

Count Chinda is a member of the same college fraternity as I. I shall never forget my surprise when he, as Ambassador to Paris, first gave me the D.K.E. grip. He joined it as a student at De Pauw University, where he roomed with the present president of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce. One day during the summer of 1920, they came out together from London to visit me in the English country, and it was strange indeed to hear the white-haired Indianian recount college pranks played in the old student days by him who stood there every inch the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Perhaps the ablest man in the whole Japanese Foreign Service is Viscount Ishii, whose distinguished service in Washington, Vienna, twice in Paris, etc., is well known. This was recently and significantly recognised by his selection as Chairman of the League of Nations' Council of Ambassadors' Committee charged with the settlement of the difficult Silesian question—too difficult to be settled by direct negotiations between the Premiers

of the leading Allies. Ishii is a diplomat of the old school, and nothing could differ more widely than his methods and those of Chinda. I remember with much pleasure a dinner Ishii gave for me at the Peers Club in Tokyo, where a famous painter came in during the evening to delight us with his amazing skill in painting with the thumb nail.

My Japanese colleague in Buenos Aires when in 1910 we were both Ministers to Argentina was Hioki, an agreeable man, short in stature but long in intellect. During the Argentine Centennial he made a speech in excellent Spanish, something which but few of our colleagues could do. He is equally fluent in English, French, German and Chinese. I used to call him my "wicked friend," and indeed there is always something interesting going on when he is around—something worth observing! Later he became Minister to China, and it was he who in 1915 presented at Pekin the indefensible 21 demands of his government, the one great diplomatic blunder of modern Japan, and one which many leading Japanese have since publicly denounced. Hioki, the stormy petrel, is now Ambassador in Berlin, presiding in the handsome house once occupied by Charlemagne Tower when Amer-

ican Ambassador and later purchased by the Japanese government. When shall we ever learn that an impressive American Embassy or Legation is of more service to the United States than a post office building at Hohokus Four Corners!

By way of contrast with Hioki, let us cite Baron Matsui, for four years Japanese Ambassador in Paris. This gentleman of unusual cultivation and artistic appreciation has a most engaging personality. Few foreign representatives have been so sincerely liked by the Parisians as he and his charming wife, and certainly few have been received into so many French homes. Their little son and daughter both made remarkable records at Paris schools in competition with French children. One day the Ambassadress borrowed my small boy for luncheon and then took all three children to the Auteuil races, where I heard the Japanese urchins displayed fully as much decorum as my American one! Matsui is now attached to the Gaimusho, but doubtless will again be given a post when Japanese policy demands his type of brains and personality for a particular service. They have all kinds, ready for any emergency.

In London, Japan is now represented by a fin-

ished administrator, Baron Hayashi, who won his spurs by ten years' service in Korea. He strikes an occidental as a gentleman of the old school, to borrow an old-fashioned phrase leaving a pleasant taste in the mouth. He might have stepped out of an old Japanese print, and his intelligent face shows kindliness mixed with a tried shrewdness. Simple as is his manner, he seems only suitably housed in the handsome Embassy at 10 Grosvenor Square, another wise purchase by the wise heads at the Gaimusho.

The foregoing roll affords a sufficient series of portraits to show that the Gaimusho is excellently equipped for service to its government both at home and abroad, and everywhere housed so as to enable its agents to perform their duties with dignity and due regard for foreign public opinion and popular respect. Any government would be fortunate to be so well equipped in dealing with foreign affairs as are the Japanese both in brains and plant.

THE END

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